A PARLIAMENT MAGAZINE

TROJAN

VOLUME 4 / NUMBER 2

$1.50

BATTLE DRESS FOR A BOLD BABE

LYNN'S GOT AN INN

HEATHER GOES HAYSEED

LEOPARD LADY'S AIRY LAIR

ADULTS ONLY

TROJAN

VOL. 4 NO. 2

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TROJAN (Mar., Apr., May, 1966) is published four times a year by American Art Agency, Inc., with editorial offices at 7311 Fulton Ave., No. Hollywood, California.

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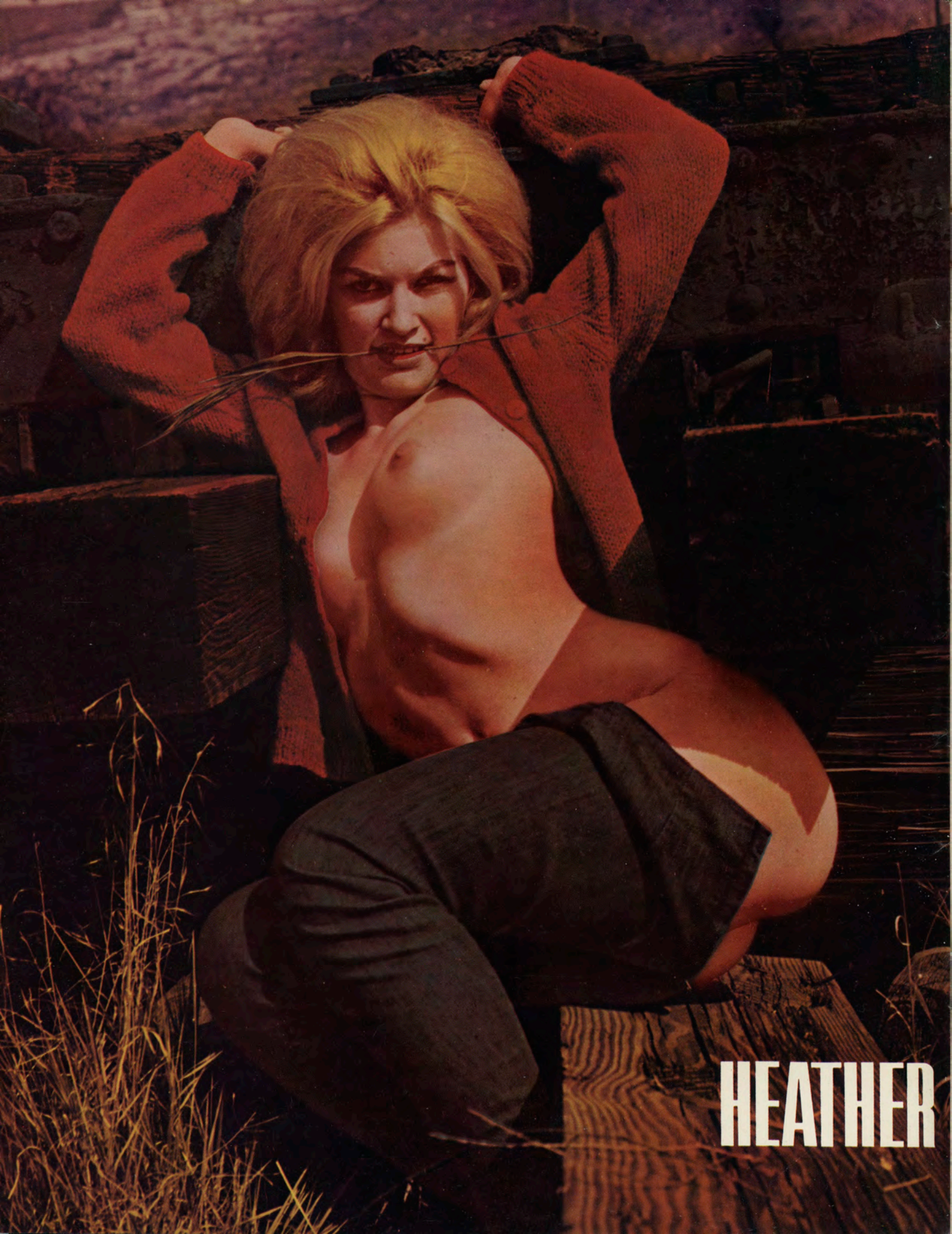
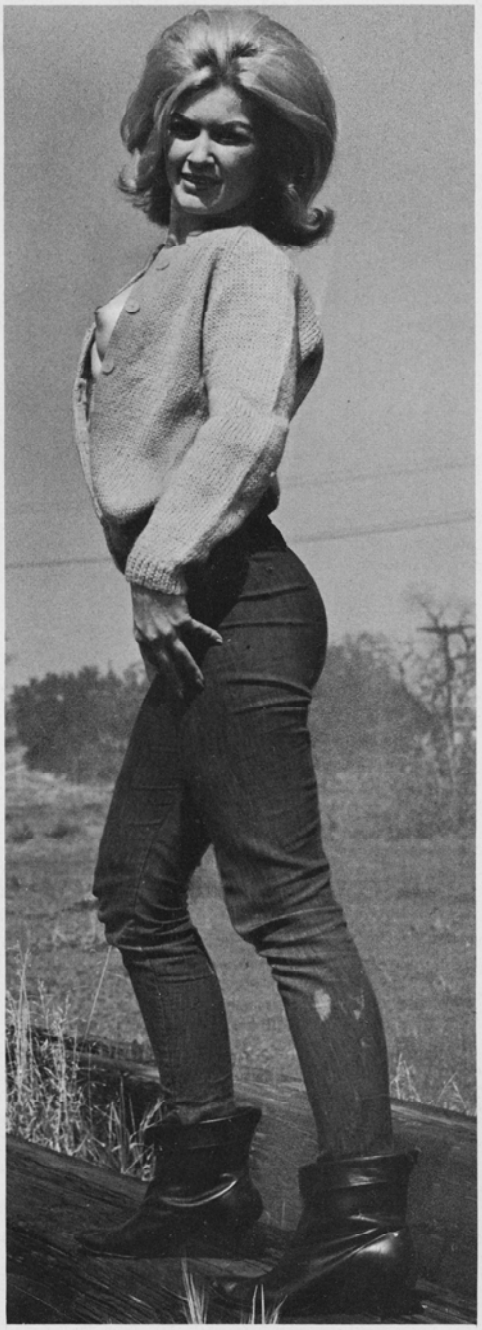
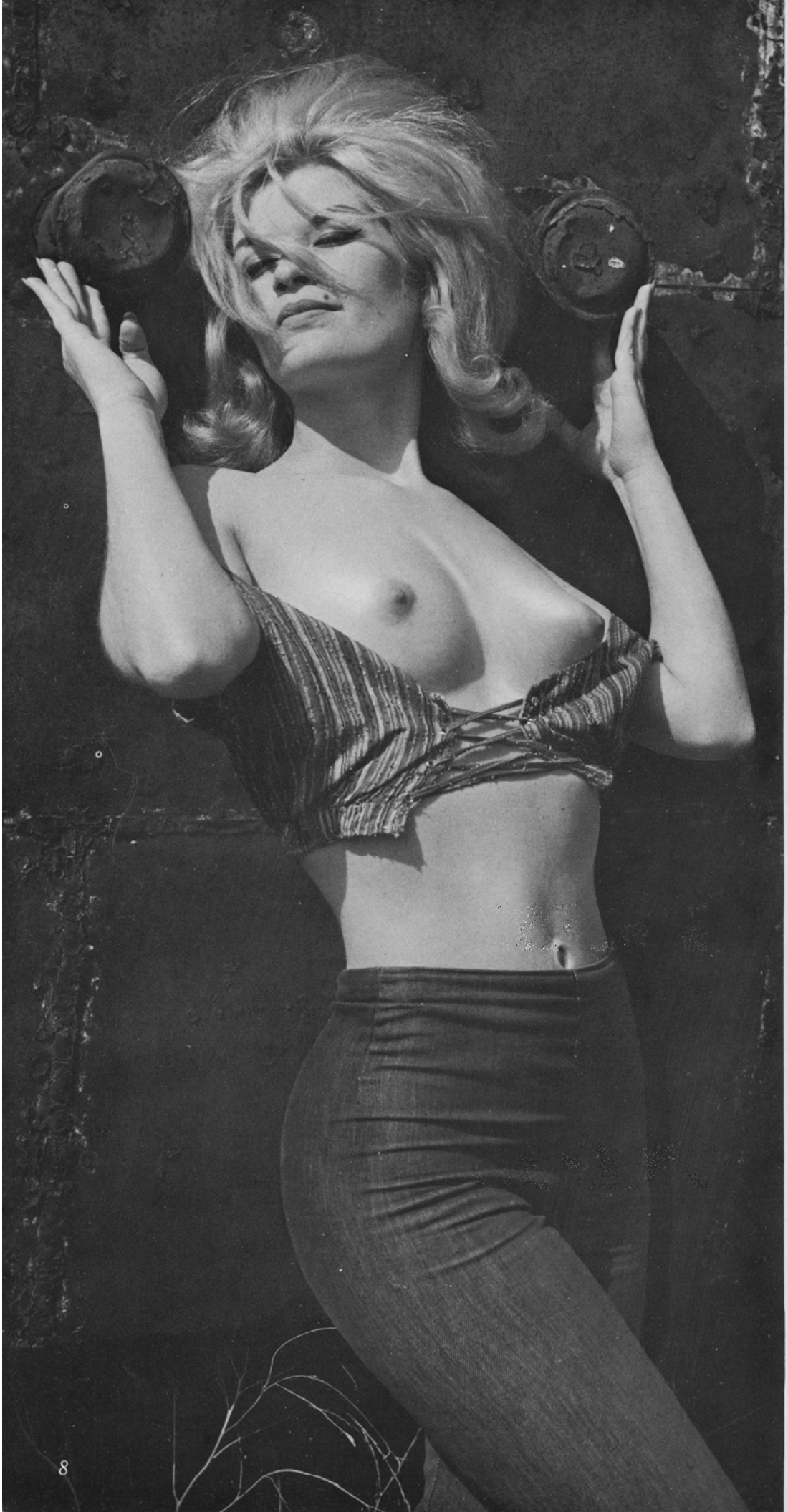

HEATHER



Most people seem to favor one time of the year over all others, some voting in favor of winter's chill blasts, others opting for the summer's sizzling days, and still others who prefer the moderate weather between these two extremes. But this blonde honey, Heather Scott, is a doll who happens to like ALL seasons!

GOES HAYSEED

By way of proving that she's a "doll for all seasons", Heather takes long hikes in the country at regular intervals throughout the year, even when the weather goes to extremes to discourage her. On this particular occasion, however, Mother Nature came through with a wonderful afternoon for Heather's pasture prance.



Heather doesn't try to set any distance records during her hayseed hikes. The important thing, to her, is the freedom she feels on these brief holidays from the pressures and fast pace of the city. Then, too, she's availing herself of a few lungfuls of fresh air that certainly aren't available at the local supermart. The routes she strolls are as unplanned as a sudden summer rainstorm, and that's just the way Heather wants it. With the changing of the seasons and her random hiking habits, she always discovers new delights of Nature . . . of which she's one!

As the girl wrenched away, her blouse and brassiere ripped away in my hands.

EVERYONE LAUGHED WHEN THE RUNTY LOUDMOUTH TOLD HIS WILD STORIES OF CONQUEST . . . UNTIL HE BAITED THE DEADLY TRAP WITH HIMSELF!

To Catch a Fink

BY HARRY NEAL

Next morning, old Jensen gave Moe a raise — and that's when we found out what the little jerk had done.

Jensen came out of his office and into the shop. His son Dan was with him. Dan raised his arms for silence, and we all looked up from our benches. The cops had left just a few minutes earlier.

Moe was with the Jensens. He wore a cocky little smile — his usual expression. Moe had come to work for Jensen Electronics only a week ago, and already nobody liked him. His work was good, but he was a loud-mouth. Always bragging about fights he'd won and girls he'd made. You knew those were lies, just looking at him. He was only about five-five and 130 pounds; pale blue eyes set too close together, a nose too big for his face and ears that stuck out. Nothing but a scrawny runt trying to sound like a he-man.

Old Jensen still looked shaken from the attempted robbery. He waited until he had our attention and the shop was quiet. Then he said, "You all know what happened last night. Two men tried to rob us. They backed a pickup to the storeroom door, all ready to load up. They could have got away with fifty-thousand dollars worth of electronic supplies, but fortunately the cops were tipped off and they nabbed the thieves."

We all looked at one another, and a mutter went up. This was the first we'd heard about the cops being tipped. We'd thought they'd just lucked it and stumbled on the scene.

"Obviously it was an inside job," Jensen said. "Someone left the storeroom door open for those two men. Someone right here in this room, probably."

Well, we knew that already. Though nobody had the slightest idea who the hell it could be — except the fink himself.

(continued on page 48)

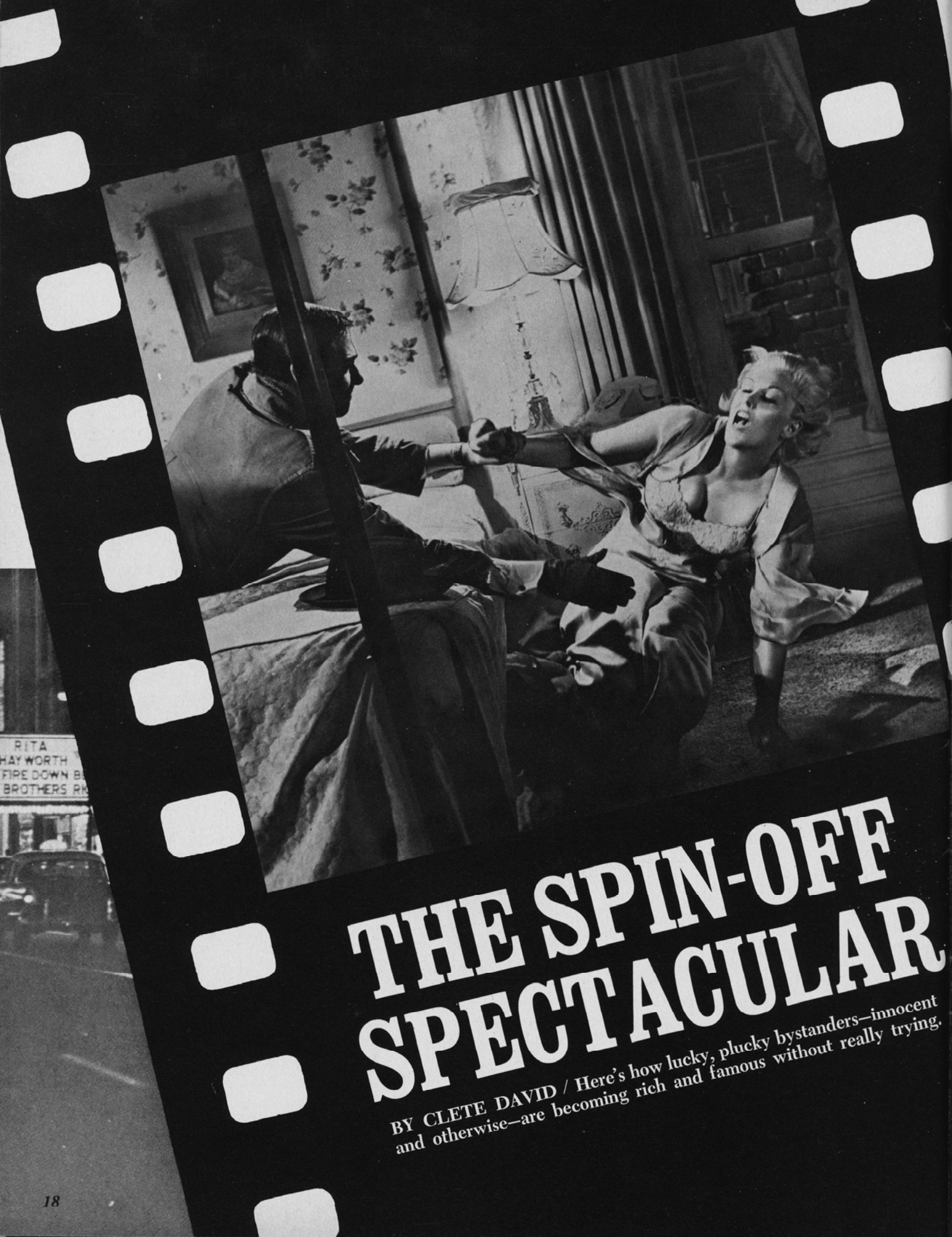
ROSIE'S WINE WINDUP

Rosie Williams is a sweet swinger from Los Angeles . . . and she's also a doll who likes to master unusual skills. Recently, she saw an art film, a Spanish import, in which the hero drank his wine out of a "bota". It's a tricky business, for the bota is held aloft, and a stream of wine is directed through the air right down the throat of the imbiber. So intrigued was Rosie that she went right over to Olvera Street and bought a bota.

Rosie found, to her chagrin, that there was a lot more to drinking from a bota than merely aiming and squeezing. She splattered herself and her clothing with every wine from burgundy to zinfandel in her attempts to learn this odd skill.

Despite the fact that Rosie's schedule is booked solid—she's a hard-working secretary for a bank in the daytime, a serious junior college student at night and, of course, she does her share of dating—she was determined not to let herself be defeated by a mere goatskin wine container. Each night before retiring, she spent ten minutes trying to drink from the bota.

The weeks passed, and Rosie was still getting more wine on herself than down her throat. She made the switch from red wines to white ones because the latter beverages didn't stain her rug. She was pretty close to abandoning the whole project when, after almost two months of nightly practice, she suddenly mastered the skill. "And in the process," she remarks, "I really learned to appreciate wine." A dauntless doll, Rosie!



THE SPIN-OFF SPECTACULAR

BY CLETE DAVID / Here's how lucky, plucky bystanders—innocent and otherwise—are becoming rich and famous without really trying.

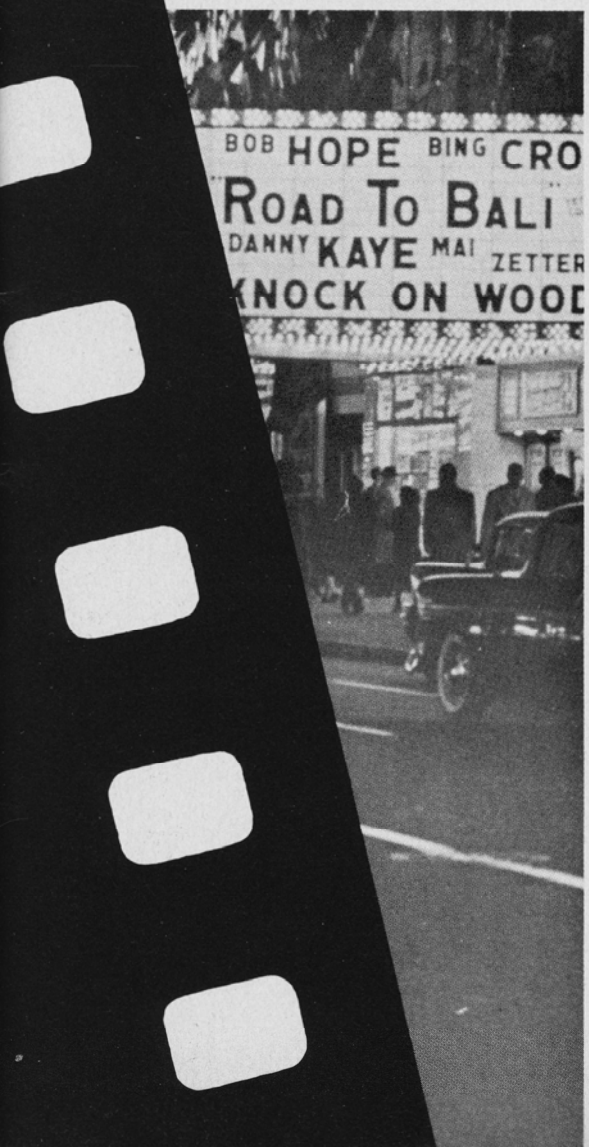
"She's got to be the real-life Spin-off of the century," said one show-business veteran to another over martinis in the King Cole room of New York City's St. Regis Hotel.

They were discussing the rocket-like rise to fame, notoriety and fortune of actor Richard Burton's ex-wife Sybil.

The word *spin-off* sounds like a piece of unintelligible syllabic fallout from the lyric of a song warbled and garbled on *Shivaree* or one of the other neo-rock-and-roll shows currently infesting television. But it is a term devised by the entertainment world, and it applies to the movies, to TV and the recording industry (where it originated).

Just what is a spin-off? An historic example is the long series of *Ma and Pa Kettle* films, which are still occasionally screened on matinee and late, late shows.

The Kettles originated as secondary characters in the late Betty MacDonald's best-selling book of some fifteen years ago, *The Egg and I*.



When the book of humorous memoirs was made into a movie, much of Mrs. MacDonald's uproarious disillusionment as a city mouse seeking survival on a rural chicken farm was lost. The film made a profit, but its success was small compared to that of the book from which it was derived.

However, the Kettles — back-country neighbors, interpreted by Marjorie Main and the late Percy Kilbride — scored a personal smash hit. What ensued was a spin-off — a long series of follow-up films under the *Ma and Pa Kettle* titles, all of them immensely profitable.

Similarly, this season's TV series starring pert Anne Francis as a female private eye named *Honey West* is a spin-off from a segment of *Burke's Law* in which this sexy she-sleuth made her debut.

Back in red-hot radio days, *The Great Gildersleeve* was a spin-off from *Fibber McGee and Molly*, and in early talking-film times the long string of *Quirt and Flagg* films were spin-offs from the roaring, bawdy World War One classic *What Price Glory?* — first penned as a Broadway dramatic hit by Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson.

There is nothing really new about spin-offs save the word itself.

Although Sybil Burton is a former actress whose sudden emergence in the public eye comes out of a mad scramble of top-echelon entertainment figures, she is no product of a playwright's fevered brain or a shrewd producer's brainstorm.

She is, as the show-business veteran remarked, a "real-life spin-off", a side-product of the Richard Burton-Elizabeth Taylor romance that has had the news media rocking ever since the evening when Liz returned from the day's shooting of *Cleopatra* to her then-husband Eddie Fisher and indicated that all was not well in the Taylor-Fisher menage by, as one Hollywood wag put it, "bringing the asp home from work."

There has remained a strong undercurrent of sympathy, more for Sybil Burton than for Fisher, who had damaged his public image somewhat in divorcing actress Debbie Reynolds to pick up a marital option on Liz immediately following the death of Michael Todd in a 1957 plane crash.

Public opinion was influenced by the fact that Fisher was a relatively young man with an established career, while Sybil Burton was in her mid-thirties, had no career and was left with a very small daughter. In addition, she had long ago given up acting in favor of playing good wife to her brilliant husband and mother to his daughter.

Although she was rendered remarkably solvent by the divorce settlement, the one-time Sybil Williams (Welch-born, like Burton) seemed a likely object of sympathy when she elected to settle in New York City. She was promptly taken up by the so-called British theatrical colony, many of whom were indignant over the treatment accorded her by her Liz-struck husband.

Yet it soon became apparent that Sybil Burton had no intention of playing the role of grief-stricken castoff. Increasingly, her name was cited in the gossip columns as being the life of the party at a succession of popular nightspots, and she gained steady recognition as a powerhouse personality in her own right.

Evidently, Sybil Burton packed stellar potentialities that had gone unnoticed while she played second fiddle to her ex-husband's overwhelming and articulate dynamism. She was witty, original and, through long practice, a good listener.

Naturally the sharpshooters with which New York abounds sought to separate her from her divorce-settlement wealth with all sorts of alluring projects. But Sybil brushed them off coolly, handling herself with true aplomb and gaining added respect.

Early last spring, she opened a smart discotheque called *Arthur* on Manhattan's swank Upper East Side. It was the signal for cynics to chuckle over the fact that Sybil had apparently set foot on the city's well-worn sucker trail. They even refused to surrender their happy pessimism regarding her future when *Arthur* became *the* smart late place to go, and made money hand-over-fist right from its celebrity-attended opening.

"They come and they go," was the verdict.

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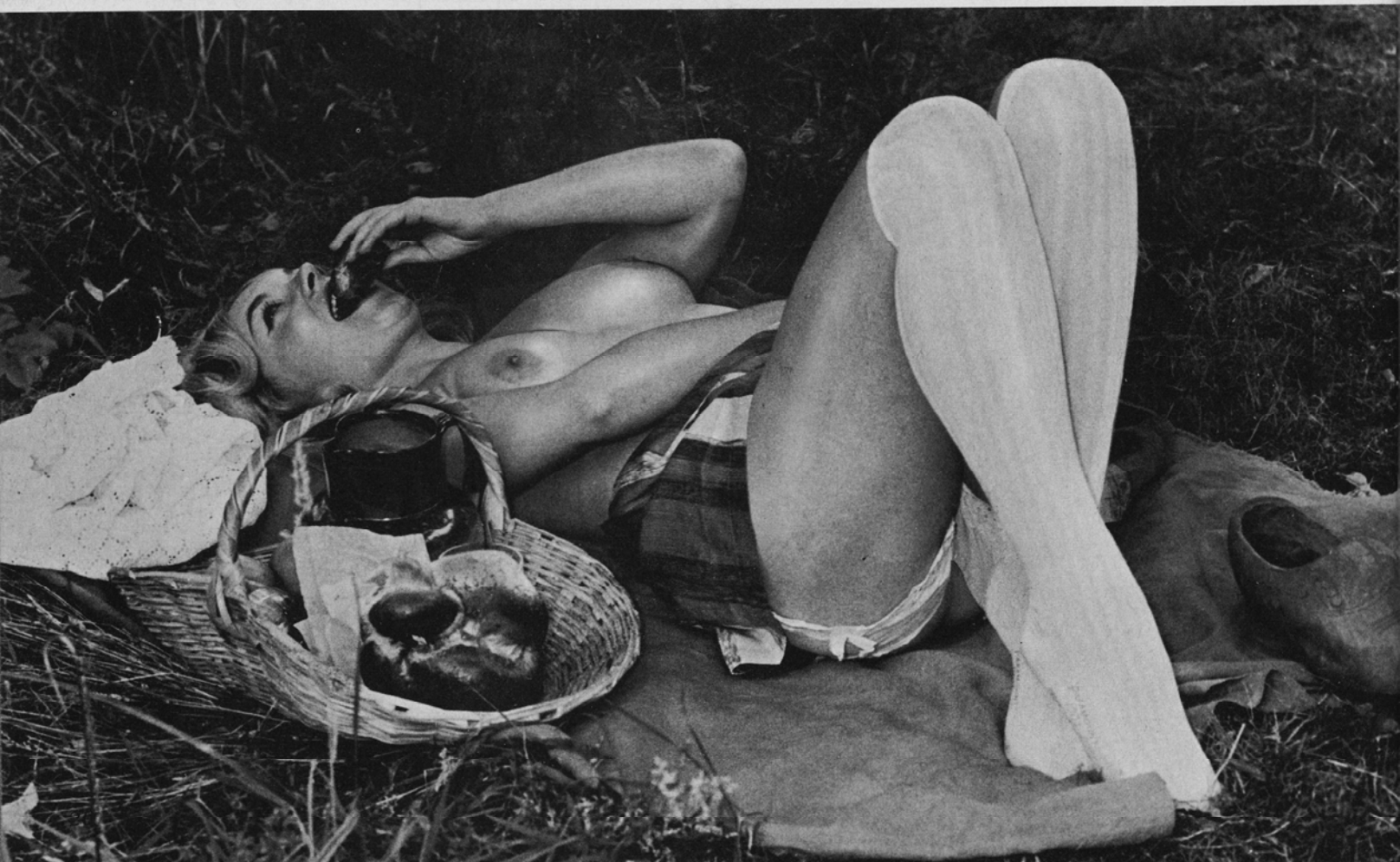

When someone drops the word "Holland" into a conversation, it's likely to conjure up, for a majority of us, things such as wooden shoes, picturesque windmills, sturdy dikes holding off a threatening sea, and taste-tempting Dutch chocolate. For those whose vision of this Low Country is so constrained, here is an interesting new dimension to round out this limited view of Holland. Marguerite Vanderbelter is her name, a real Dutch treat who resides in Tulip Land, only a short bicycle ride from Amsterdam, the country's capital. When Marguerite takes to the aforementioned bicycle on a windy day, the swirl of her billowing skirt is a sight to warm any Dutchman's heart.

MARGUERITE—
A REAL DUTCH TREAT

Holland is a country with a high population density—so high that it is always in the process of reclaiming land from the sea to accommodate its people. Marguerite likes people, but sometimes the population press gets to her, a situation which she remedies by having an outing off by herself, in a woodsy area that her countrymen have avoided ever since it was mined during the war. The mines were all cleared away by demolition experts a number of years ago, but the area's popularity remains low. This being the case, Marguerite has the woods to herself . . . to romp, revel, picnic, laze, caper, gambol, frisk, cavort, prance or frolic—as she chooses!

On this particular occasion, Marguerite arrived at her woodsy area shortly after noon. The sun was warm and bright, and she freed herself from the encumbrances of civilization, so she could derive the full benefit of the sun's rays. Off came her clothes and her sabots, or wooden shoes. A picnic lunch followed, with a menu consisting of such goodies as Gouda cheese, crusty bread and chilled Dutch beer. She wanted to practice a new dance step from America after lunch, but the meal was too much for her—she slept. A drowsy end for a Dutch treat!

She knew that the blackmailer wouldn't stop after one pay-off, so she tried desperately to keep him quiet . . . and then the dark terror settled everything in his horrible fashion.

PAY-OFF at PASSION ACRE

BY JAN RUSSELL

Helen waited for the blackmailer.

"Another coffee," she said to the girl behind the counter. Her voice was controlled and cultured. Helen Mason was a svelte brunette, perfectly curved around hips and bosom. Her clothes were expensive.

The waitress had stared at her when she came in, as if wondering what such a classy dame was doing in this Second Street greasy spoon.

"Yes ma'am," said the waitress, taking Helen's cup away to refill it.

Helen wondered what the blackmailer would look like. Over the phone his voice had sounded young, but you couldn't always tell from voices. Young or not, he'd sounded hard and experienced. He meant business, and that was why Helen Mason was here.

"I've got some interesting photos," he'd said, after the maid called Helen to the phone that afternoon. "Taken last Thursday evening, out around Hawk's Point. You and the guy with the Mercedes-Benz — under the trees, making beautiful music together." He paused, chuckling. "I really enjoyed the show, honey!"

The first shock passed quickly. As the rich young wife of Elm City's richest old man, Helen Mason was used to thinking in terms of hard realities. She knew, better than anything else, that almost everybody's motives boiled down in the end to money. Why else had she married the half-senile grain tycoon, Langton Mason?

So she sighed once, instantly realizing the situation: Her most recent rendezvous with Hank had been witnessed, and now she would have to pay for silence.

"You must be very good at trailing people," she said wearily. "We doubled all over the place. We thought we were being cagey as hell. After we drove up to the Point, we watched the highway below for fifteen minutes to make sure we were alone."

"By that time," said the black-

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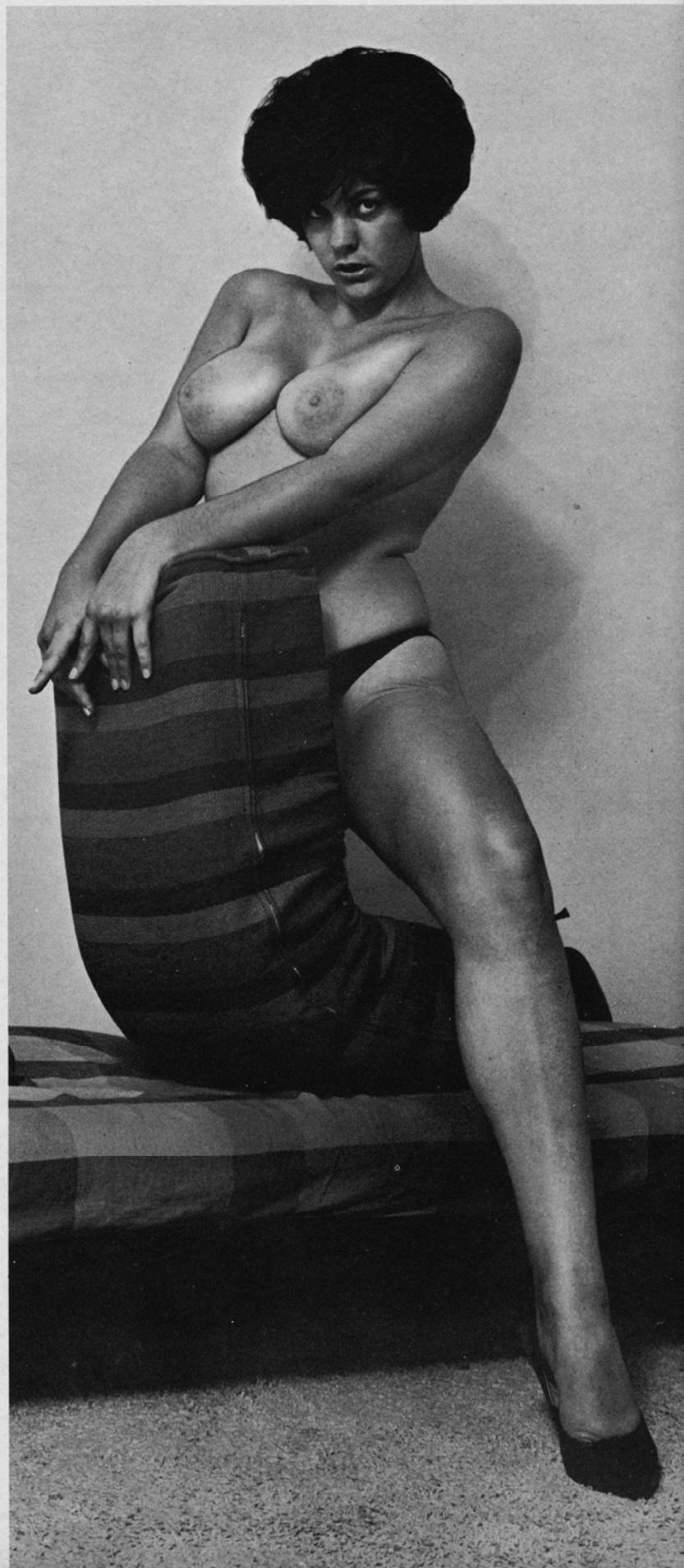
The Creeper made an animal sound as he bent over Helen, his gun at her temple.

FANNY'S

GRAND FINALE

Fanny Parker's a singer who can accompany herself on the piano with more than average ability. Thousands who have listened to her entertain in the Lounge of one of the Las Vegas hotels enthusiastically subscribe to this statement. She'd been appearing in the same Lounge for a full year, and the delighted patrons had (per the song lyrics) "grown accustomed to her face." It was a very long and mutually rewarding engagement for the hotel and for Fanny, but now their happy relationship has ended. But on Fanny's final night in the Lounge, she had the audience cheering as she belted out a long, inspired medley of her favorite tunes.



On that last frantic night in Vegas, Fanny played and sang evergreens like "Begin The Beguine" and "Melancholy Baby" . . . bounced gaily through show tunes like "Hello, Dolly!" and "Hernando's Hideaway" . . . whirled through some instrumental numbers, including a few of her own composition . . . and even clowned her way through some humorous material. It was a delicious demonstration of her musical abilities that had the hotel management unhappy that she was vacating their piano seat and microphone. Fanny had mixed feelings that evening. She felt a few nostalgic pangs about leaving the familiar setting where she had played so many blues and ballads . . . and the response of the crowd to her last night's efforts touched her deeply. But all of this was assuaged by the knowledge that a week after concluding her Vegas run, she would be opening a new — and, hopefully, long — stay at a posh Manhattan supper club. And after Fanny's long Vegas stay, nobody's betting she won't do it again!

Debbie Reynolds' voice was "roughed up" for her "Molly Brown" portrayal.

PETTICOAT TURNCOATS

BY JEFF STANLEY

With the old guideposts swept away, vexed males are finding it ever tougher to discern the difference between the prissy miss and her sinning sisters.

It happened late last winter.

The local police at one of America's most fashionable ski resorts conducted a raid on a low-priced fringe boarding house tenanted entirely by so-called "ski bums" (who are usually also "surf bums" unable to arrange transportation to Hawaii or Florida when the cold weather sets in).

These wood-riding hoboes had earned reputations by their antics as a drag on the general level of the resort. Which was why the local authorities, buttressed by the state constabulary, suspected that they might be the source of a series of jewel and fur robberies that had large numbers of wealthy guests afraid to take their valuables out of the safes of the better-heeled hotels.

The raid failed to turn up the thieves or their loot — in that department the unshorn untouchables were clean — but it did uncover a veritable ant hill of uninhibited young men and women living together under conditions calculated to make a Balkan brothel look like a church picnic by comparison.

For reasons of economy as well as pleasure, the ski bums were living four, six, eight and even twelve to a room, with no sexual segregation, in all conditions of sartorial disarray and no chaperone within binocular range.

The only furniture in most of the rooms were mattresses on the floor, and most of the young folk rounded

up were either nude or nearly so. Clearly, here was a bunch of tramps.

Yet when two of the most flagrant offenders among the girls were booked, the authorities found their apparently simple problem of prosecution was twisted into a pretzel of complexity.

One of the girls, a nubile blonde clad only in panties when pinched, identified herself as a graduate student at a renowned West Coast university. She insisted that her presence in this sex-and-pot warren was justified by the fact that she was preparing a thesis for her graduate degree in sociology on the folkways of modern Young America.

The other girl, a ravishing brunette who had not even been wearing panties when caught, claimed to be the daughter of a former ambassador and fiancee of a socially prominent young Ivy League graduate. She explained that she was enjoying a final fling before marriage. Both her parents and her betrothed, she insisted, not only knew *where* she was but *what* she was doing!

The police problem was heightened when a check-up proved that both girls were telling the truth.

"The thing that gets me," said one bewildered official, "is that under any other circumstances I'd have been proud to have either of them as my own daughter. Whatever's happening to our kids today beats me!"

On another recent occasion, research experts for a leading Hollywood film studio, after boning up on dinosaurs for a time-travel movie, were amazed when the presumably inarticulate blonde sexpot star of the science-fiction B-epic volunteered the information that the forelegs of one of their animated dummy triceratops were wrongly articulated.

When the girl, to the dismay of her agent and the director alike, made an issue of this technicality, the studio research chief — a former full-professor at a university — was called in to put her in her place.

After listening to her for a moment, he turned pale and said, "You know, she's entirely right." And, to the girl, "How do you happen to know this, my dear?"

The supposedly dim-witted sexpot replied by reeling off her "credits" — an impressive series of college and post-graduate courses and degrees in Paleontology.

On yet another occasion, poised protocol experts of our State Department found themselves nonplussed not long ago by what in diplomatic circles is called a contretemps. In the course of shepherding a highly important visiting maharajah and his stunning brunette maharani through a deluxe tour of Manhattan nightspots, they were horrified when the maharani rose from their table in an East Side after-theatre nightery, darted to another table and there fervently embraced one of Big Town's most celebrated call girls.

The situation worsened when the maharani brought the call girl back to the official table and introduced her to her handsome, be-turbanned husband with a simple, "This is Annette D ——. You remember, I've told you about her — we shared an apartment here five years ago."

If ski resort police, Hollywood studio-research chiefs and State Department protocol experts find themselves bewildered by the volatile manifestations of the modern American girl, consider the plight of the average American male.

Right down through history, it has been the simplest of judgments to determine the lady of easy virtue from her non-professional sister.

The prostitutes of Corinth and Pompeii frankly revealed their trade by wearing miniature replicas of male sexual organs on chains around their necks — gold or silver for high-priced harlots, bronze, lead or terra cotta for two-obol broads.

In England of the Middle Ages, harlots were required by royal edict to wear green sleeves. This practice accounts for the origin of the lovely old ballad *Greensleeves,* still popular among folksingers, few of whom have any idea of its origin or original meaning.

From Victorian times right down through the early decades of the present century, it was easy to separate the whore from her respectable sisters by the former's brazen use of cosmetics. If this tended to cause actresses to be regarded as scarlet women (after all, they, too, wore make-up, if only onstage) — well, a large percentage of theatrical performers, if not outright prostitutes, refused to subscribe to the sexual canons of conventional respectability.

Then came the Roaring Twenties . . . and confusion tended to increase rather than abate, despite all restrictive measures adopted by harried males in search of some return to the earlier simplicities.

Respectable girls and women not only took to wearing make-up with an abandon that matched that of their professionally sinful sisters, but to behaving like harlots when the spirit moved them.

Faced with such competition, renowned New Orleans madam Countess Willie Piazza frumped into retirement with a bitter Parthian shot to newsmen that she could "no longer hope to compete with the country club set" — whose women were presumably giving away what the good countess was accustomed to charging top going rates for.

What happened to organized prostitution in the U.S. and Europe was what happened to vaudeville a decade later when it was confronted with the monster of radio that gave away entertainment free.

Conversely, prostitutes, call girls, dance-hall hostesses, B-girls and other ladies of the demimonde began more and more to take on the appearance of smart young career girls or debutantes.

As long ago as 1897, Max Beerbohm, then one of the brightest young wits of London literary society, remarked on observing a group of lovely young working girls on vacation, "I don't think the lower orders ought to be attractive — it brings Beauty into disrepute."

As usual with Sir Max's comments, it is hard to determine whether he was joking or not, but if he remarked on the impending confusion almost seventy years ago, consider the hapless plight of the less astute male multitudes today.

Only a few years ago, during one of the more sensational of the periodic New York City vice investigations, a number of notorious call girls wound up with their pictures on display in the public prints. Upon which a supposedly sophisticated magazine editor cried out in distress, "But they look like nice girls!"

Another journalist, taken to see one of the most sensational screen

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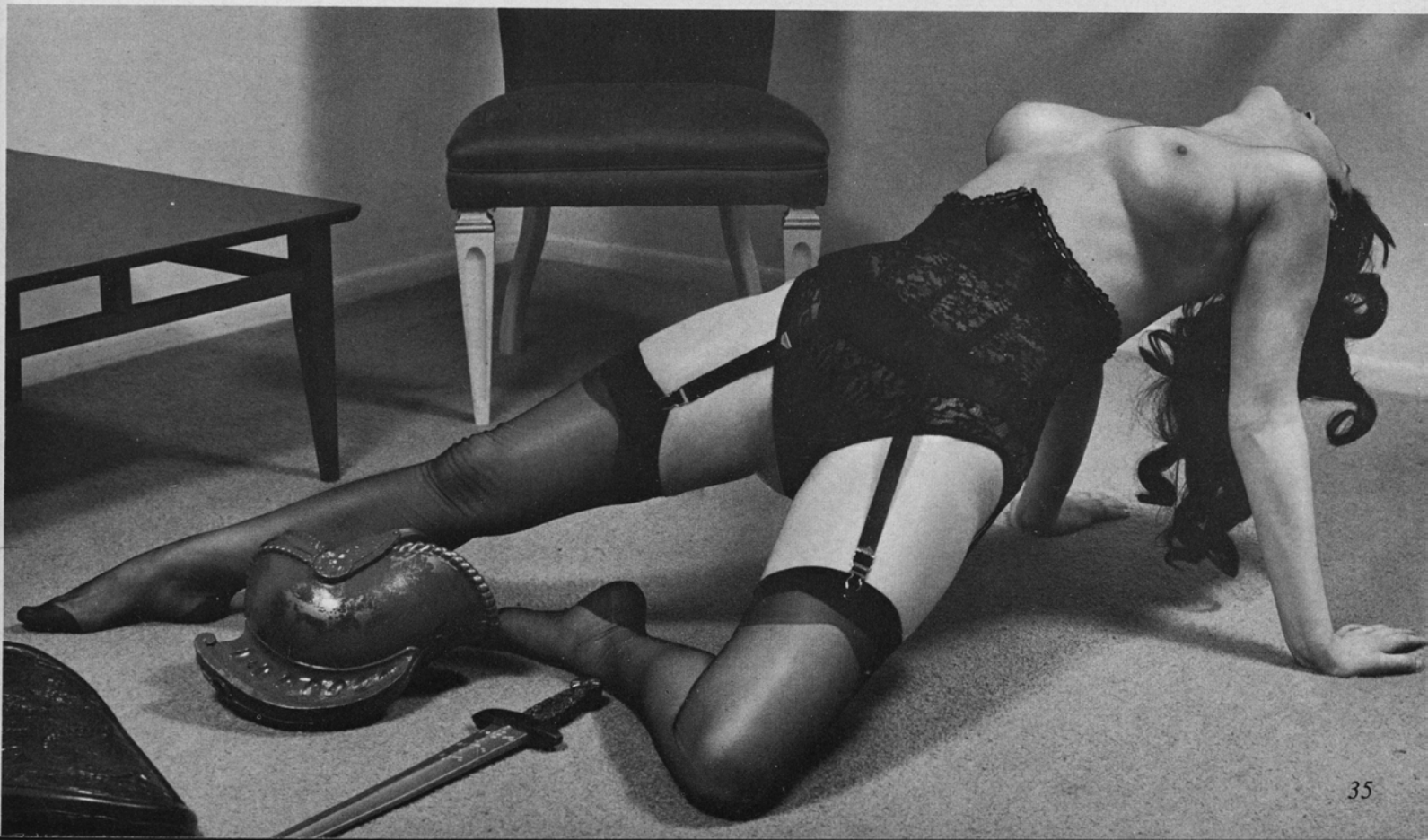
BATTLE DRESS FOR A BOLD BABE

Those long-ago days of old, when Trojan warriors were bold, have stayed in public favor only through song, story and the wide-screen productions galloped out by Hollywood movie mills. The warrior business collapsed when people discovered that all of that tin could be put to much better use canning vegetables than canning men. So the bold warrior clanked off into the sunset . . . only to be replaced, centuries later, by "bold babe" Marian Neill.

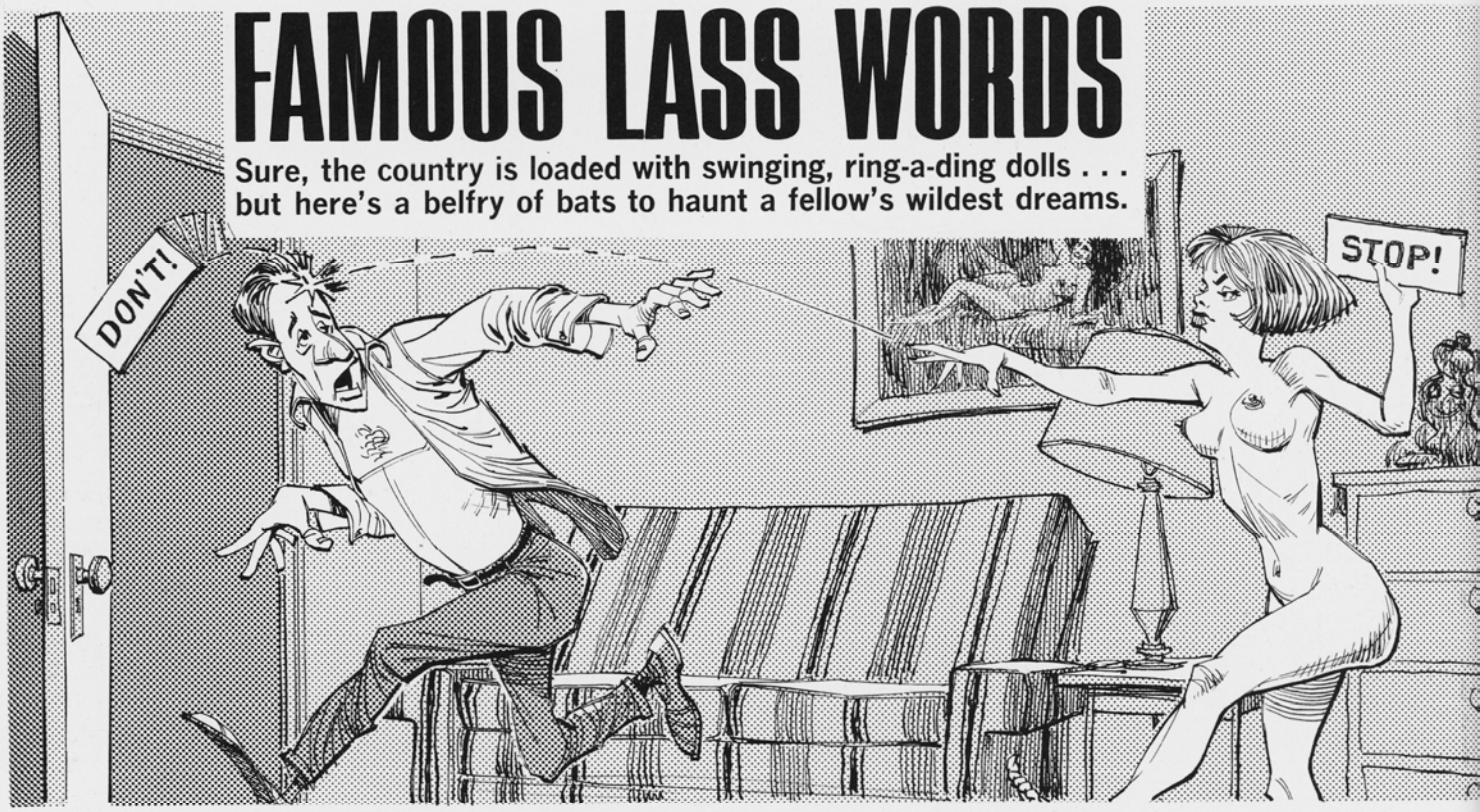


In this swingingest era of all time, Marian figures that even a doll should have the opportunity to make a few swishes with a sword—even if it's only plastic, and so dull of edge that she couldn't harm a wounded woodpecker with it. She's not about to rout a heathen horde with her nifty swordplay, but on the other hand, how long has it been since anyone's spotted a heathen horde? In Chicago, where Marian lives, pretty long!

There's no chance of Marian's appearing in public ready to do battle with the forces of evil, for she has no desire to be subjected to ridicule. There's another reason why she dons her battle dress only in the privacy of her Loop apartment: It could prove dangerous to venture forth with shield aloft. One of the Windy City's frequent gusts might catch her and, blowing against the shield (which would act as a sail), send her soaring into the sky . . . perhaps even send her shuffling off to Buffalo!

FAMOUS LASS WORDS

Sure, the country is loaded with swinging, ring-a-ding dolls . . . but here's a belfry of bats to haunt a fellow's wildest dreams.



BY BRUCE FLEMING

Jody Lee, who, when I suggested we play postoffice, said: "Get yourself a reputation first!"

Lulu Belle, who, when I tried to kiss her, said: "That's how the virus spreads!"

Mary Jane, who, when I wanted to neck, said: "That's kid stuff!"

Betsy Peg, who, when I suggested we park, said: "A car's for going, not for staying!"

Catherine Bea, who, when I asked if I could measure her figure, said: "No, because your hot breath will steam up my eyeballs!"

Cobina Fay, who, when I asked her sister to join us on a date, said: "You can't even handle me. How you gonna handle both of us?"

Donna Etta, who, when I tried to get into her apartment for a nightcap after a date, said: "It's been a lovely evening. Please don't spoil it by asking me out again!"

"I didn't expect you so soon. I thought it was the TV repairman!"

Hilda Mae, who, when I dropped in on her said: "I can't go out with you tonight, but can I borrow your apartment tonight to meet a guy? His wife would never think of looking for us there!"

Lola Kathleen, who, when I made a pass at her thirty minutes after I met her, said: "You waited too long. I'm out of the mood now!"

Margery Dee, who, when I put my hand on her knee, said: "Feel around and see if my knife is still strapped to my thigh—the one that I use on fresh guys!"

Sara Joan, who, when I wanted to turn off the lights in her apartment, said: "That's strictly for the owls!"

Junie Mae, who, when I wanted to hold hands, said: "Holding hands makes them perspire!"

Amanda Anne, who, when I suggested that we make love, said: "But all the fellows say I'm no good at that!"

Annabel Lee, who, when I offered to hook up her brassiere, said: "No, my husband always dusts me for fingerprints when I come home!"

Alvina Belle, who, when I wanted to see her tattoo, said: "You'll have to ask my stockholders first. I'm incorporated!"

Eunice Hay, who, when I spent fifty dollars taking her out for the evening, said: "Next time I'd rather have the cash!"

Ivy Jean, who, when I suggested teaching her a new way to kiss, said: "It sounds too messy to me!"

Jocelyn Jill, who, when I offered to take her to Oregon with me on a fishing trip, said: "I can't leave the state because my probation won't be up for three months yet!"

Janice June, who, when I was fixed up as a blind date for her, said: "Why do I always get the ugly ones?"

Linda Irene, who, when I called to pick her up for a date and she answered the door in the nude, said:

Matilda Peg, who, when I asked if I could make love to her, said: "You'll have to ask my husband. He's standing right in back of you!"

Priscilla Maude, who, when I watched TV with her in my bedroom, said: "When I'm in Bill's bedroom, he never wastes our time watching television!"

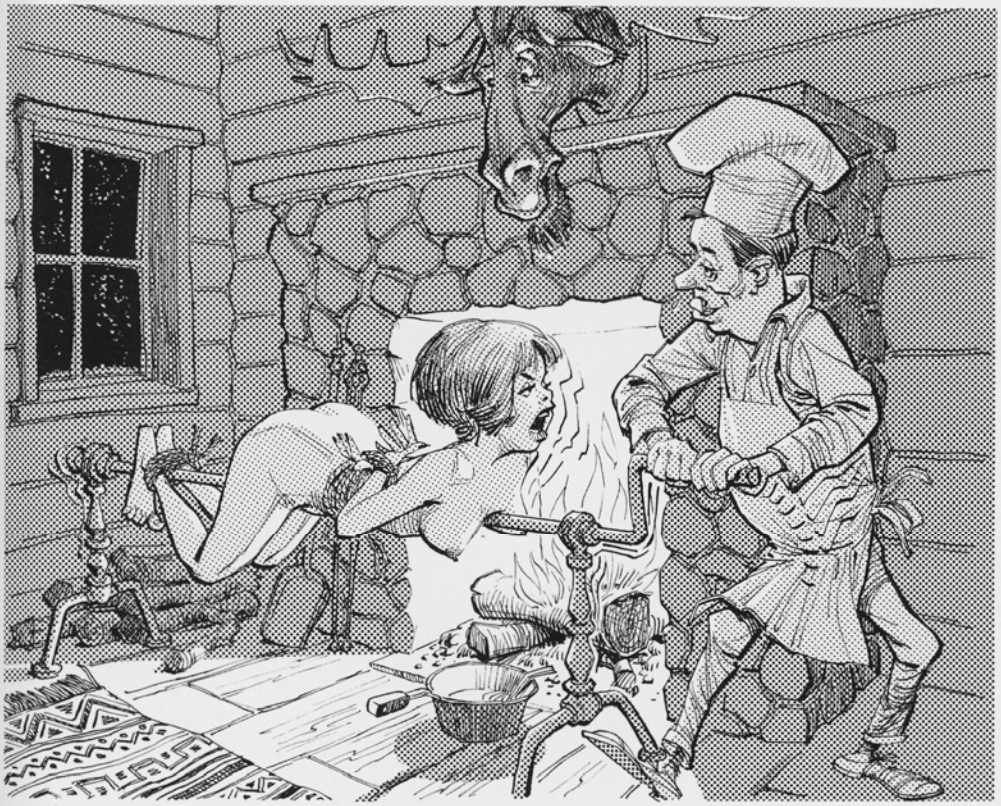
Naomi Nell, who, when I visited her in the hospital, said: "The doctor says there's nothing wrong with me that a mink coat, a diamond bracelet or a string of matched pearls wouldn't cure!"

Sara Jane, who, when I didn't

get my hand off the couch soon enough when she sat down, said: "I'll bet that's the first time you've ever been thrown all the way across a room by a girl who knew judo!"

Tallulah Chloe, who, when I asked her to have dinner with my boss and his wife and she showed up nude, said: "That's what I like about these small informal parties—you don't have to dress!"

Dolly Dagmar, who, when I caught her in bed with another man, said: "I never thought you were the type who got jealous just because I'm having a little chat with a stranger!"



Mary Anne, who, when I parked with her in a dark spot in the country, said: "Listen, Mac, this is a lover's lane . . . not a freeway!"

Shirley Belle, who, when I tried to pick her up in a bar, said: "Let's put it this way, mister—it's not what you can do for me, but what I might do for you . . . if you've got the dough!"

Diana Eileen, who, when I spent the night with her in her apartment, said: "Well, now that that's over with, can I charge things to your account?"

Gail Francine, who, when I was trapped with her in a mountain cabin for three weeks in a blizzard, said: "You don't really love me or you'd never think of food at a time like this!"

Gloria Faith, who, when I took her home from a date, said: "I want to make that Jack Smith jealous, so if you promise you'll tell him, I'll let you make love to me!"

Eudora Ivy, who, when I went over to see her just as she was opening her mail, said: "Say, here's something we can use . . . an ad from a diaper service!"

Marcia May, who, when I commented on the new mink coat she was wearing, said: "I just found the most wonderful way to make money!"

Penelope Maisie, who, when I asked why she was still single, said: "I couldn't get married for love or money, and believe me—I've tried both!"

Rosemary Cecilia, who, when I met her on the street when I was with another girl and didn't recognize her, said: "What's the matter, lover? Don't you recognize me with my clothes on?"

Vera Renee, who, when I called to take her out one evening, said: "You'll have to find yourself a new girl, Buster. I've just retired from free love and I've gone into business for myself!"

Rhoda Irene, who, when I was making love to her, said: "I think my husband just came in. Act nonchalant!"

Regina Mina, who, when I was necking with her, said: "Certainly you're the only boy in my life. All the rest are men!"

Carlotta Carla, who, when I kissed her, said: "Don't you think I kiss better now? I've been taking lessons!"

Leatrice Mae, who, when I was in the hospital, said: "The boys in your office have been swell—they come over and keep me company every night!"

Doris Effie, who, when I was visiting her in her apartment and there was a knock at the door, said: "Beat it for a couple of hours, will you? That's the landlord and I have to pay the rent!"

Lorna Fern, who, when I asked how her job was getting along, said: "The boss called me in on the carpet today, but we wound up on the couch!"

Marcella Selina, who, when I had spent a fortune on her, said: "Just look upon me as an investment that didn't pay any dividends!"

Bridget Delilah, who, when I made a pass at her, said: "You're such a nice man I'm going to give you a professional discount!"

Delphine Denise, who, when I was waiting for her to get dressed, said: "Run across the hall to that blonde and see if you can borrow two cups of foam rubber, medium size!"

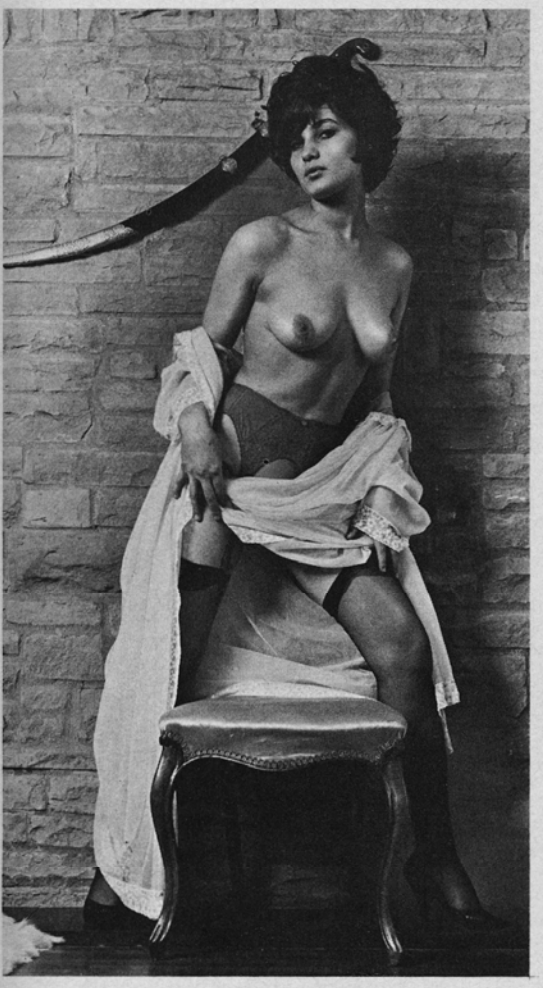
Desiree Constance, who, when I took her on a weekend trip, said: "I'm not looking for a flaming youth, bud, but I would like a man who's at least got a *pilot light!*"

Donna Lee, who, when I asked her what line of work she was in, said: "I'm a governess. I started out taking care of little boys . . . then older boys . . . then older boys . . . then older boys . . . then older boys . . . "

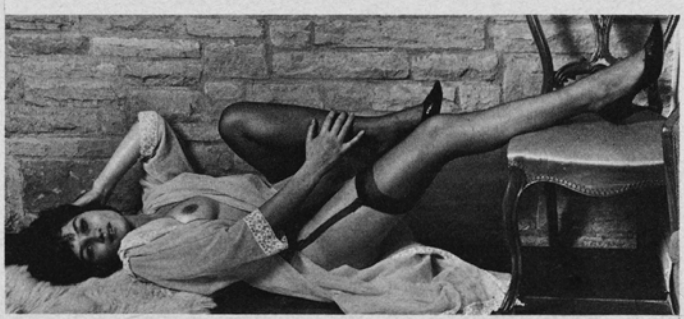
(continued on page 73)

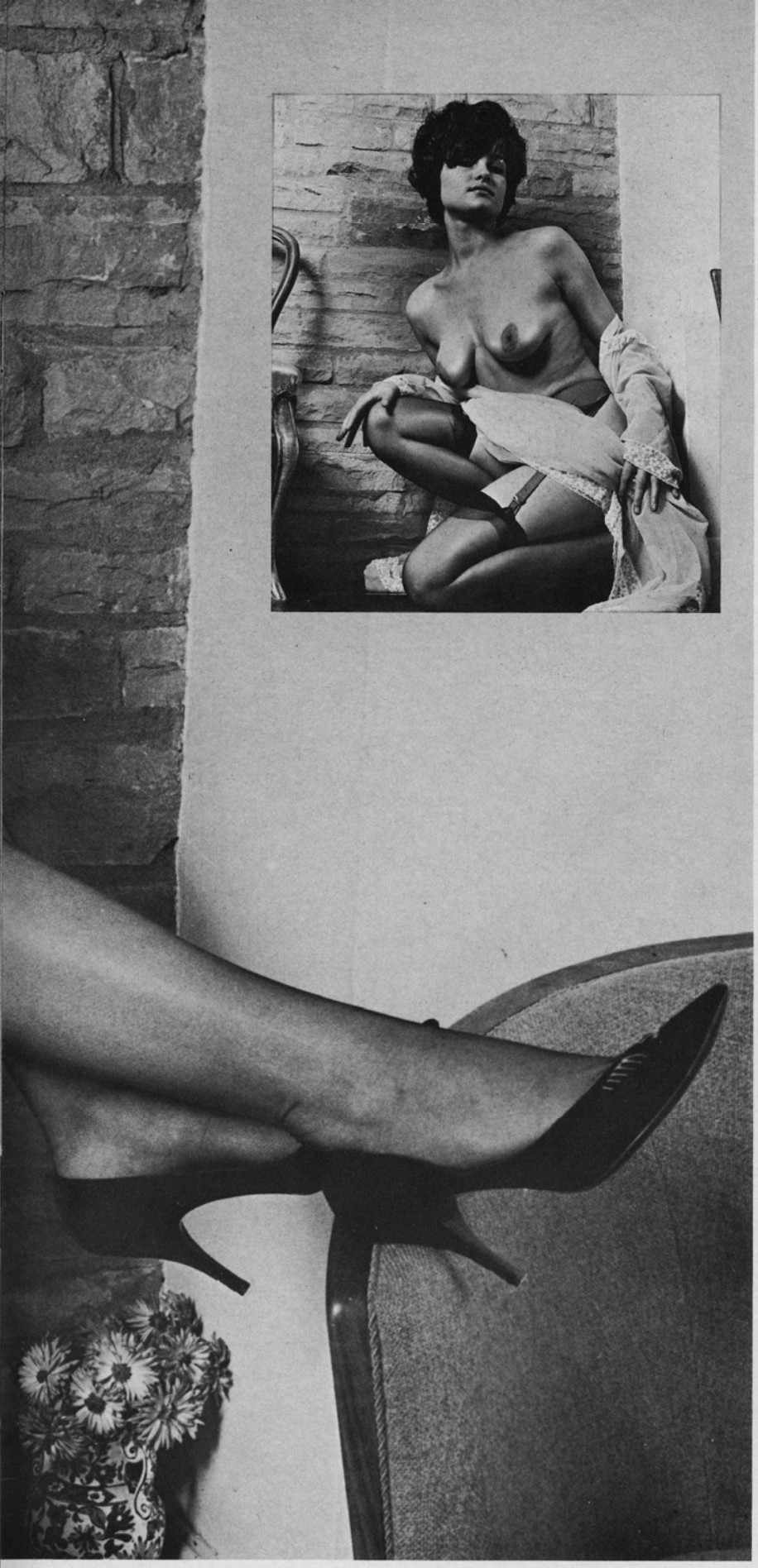
gaye's
fixed for
blades

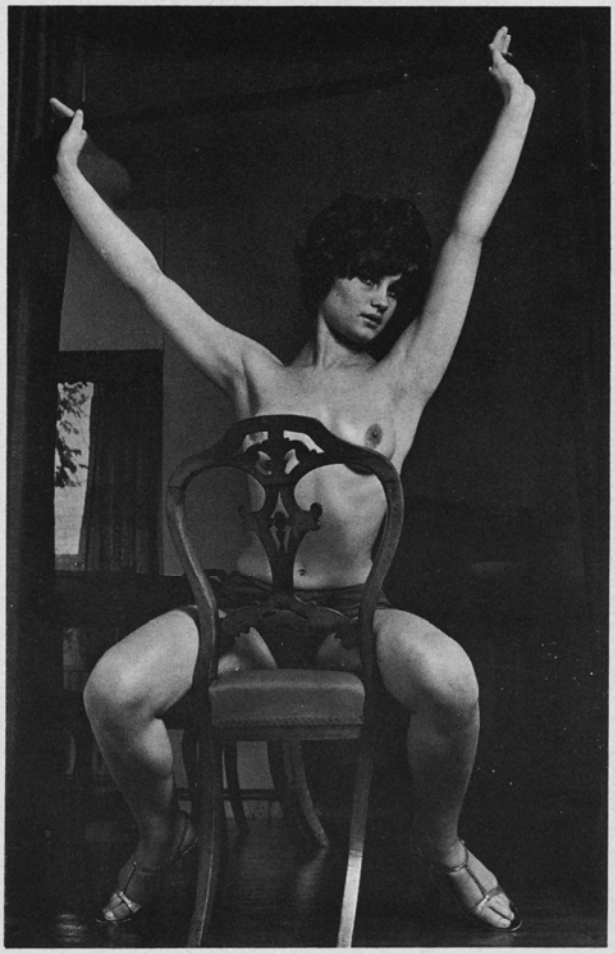
There are few dolls in this country who are better fixed for blades than Gaye Graham. Gaye, you see, is the Chicago representative of a Swedish cutlery outfit that is trying to increase its export sales in the United States. This striking brunette has been working her comely head off to help them accomplish just that. By way of gratitude, her Scandinavian employers have hiked her salary every few months and have gifted her with sets of their best quality merchandise. She has several sets of their dinner service, scissors, carving implements and so on. Their



latest gift to her was an entirely ornamental saber, which she has installed on the wall near her fireplace. "It gives my living room a kind of wicked, no-nonsense look," says gorgeous Gaye. "I rather like the masculine touch it adds to the room."







As is quite apparent, Gaye's a sharp chick, and she cuts a wide swath in the swinging set she pals with. Her dates have dubbed her "the keenest gal this side of Sweden"!

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TO CATCH A FINK

(continued from page 11)

"The men who were captured don't even know who the insider is," Jensen said. "He made the whole deal with them over the phone. He was to meet them afterwards. They couldn't run out on him because he knew how to dispose of the stuff at a much greater profit than they could manage. That's all the cops have to go on right now. You can all expect to be called in for questioning. And my apologies in advance to all you innocent men. There's only one rat, and I hope we catch him."

I hoped so too — I guess most of us did. We liked the Jensens. They were good bosses. Tough on quality control, but fair. And generous with the fringe benefits.

"Now," old Jensen said, "I want to publicly thank the man who was responsible for preventing the robbery." He put a hand on Moe's shoulder. "This young man was working late a few nights ago, and he started to make a phone call but found somebody else on the line. It was our rat, discussing details of the robbery with his cohorts. Moe listened undetected, and found out that the job was scheduled for last night. He told me, and we had the cops waiting."

Jensen looked around at us with a slight smile. "You all owe Moe a vote of thanks. If the robbery had gone off, you'd be sitting on your hands for two weeks or so at half-pay until we collected the insurance money and replaced the supplies!"

"Yes, *sir!*" said Dan Beecham, our Foreman. "How 'bout that! Good work, Moe!"

I had to agree. With a wife and three kids and new-car payments, I need half-pay like I need ulcers. My name's Joe Smiley, by the way.

"After the phone call," Jensen said, "Moe looked around. He couldn't spot anybody here. The rat had already left. So I want you guys to know what our brand-new employee did. He gets a ten-dollar raise, as of now."

He paused, and a kind of mysterious tone entered his voice. "If we're lucky, Moe will be able to help us some *more* in this matter." Then he frowned and cleared his throat, as if he'd said too much. "That's it. Get the hell back to work!"

During lunch at Pedro's Diner, we pumped Moe about the phone call he'd overheard; and it was Sandy Harrison who asked the big question:

"Did you recognize the *voice,* Moe?" Sandy said. "D'you know who it was?"

Moe's cocky little smirk flickered across his lips. "I should tell?" he said. "Maybe it sounded familiar but I can't place it."

"Was it a man or a woman?" Sandy pressed.

"I forget," Moe said, forking a mouthful of chicken-fried steak into his mouth.

I had an idea. "Hey!" I said. "Was *that* what Jensen meant? About you helping out some more, maybe? D'you think you *might* place the voice, sooner or later?"

"Hey-y-y!" Bob Yankwhich breathed. "What else!"

"Naw," Moe said. *"That* isn't what Jensen was talking about!"

So obviously it was.

We were suddenly quieter. I looked thoughtfully at Ed Baines. He was looking thoughtfully at Sam Harmon. The rest of the guys were looking at Moe. Dan Beecham's lips were pursed.

And though I didn't especially like Moe, I felt some concern for him. He and old Jensen had handled things pretty sloppily. They'd let one helluva cat out of the bag. What happened if the fink, the insider, got to worrying?

"That *isn't* it!" Moe said defensively.

"Okay," I said. "We believe you." *Like hell,* I thought.

"I can handle myself!" Moe said suddenly, looking up the counter and then down it. "Anybody messes with me, they end up in the hospital!"

"Sure, kid," said Dan Beecham. His eyes met mine and he shrugged a little. Moe could probably handle himself, all right . . . like a mouse in a barrel of cats. The shrimp didn't have a muscle, except between his ears.

I resolved at that moment to keep an eye on Moe, in case anybody took a swipe at him. I'm no hero, but what the hell. He was in a bad spot because of his big loud mouth.

And I *can* handle myself — in Korea, they had me teaching refresher courses in judo.

The lunch hour rolled on, and the talk picked up as we all relaxed a little—until I happened to catch the funny expression on Moe's face.

He was pausing, with a fork full of food halfway to his mouth. His mouth was open — then he closed it. His eyes went from side to side, though he didn't move his head. He was the picture of a guy listening, trying to pinpoint a sound.

I stared at him. Sandy Harrison, at my side, caught my look and stared at Moe too. Pretty soon six or seven of us were looking at Moe, and we were all kind of tense inside.

Moe saw us staring, and he jumped a little. He popped the fork full of food into his mouth and chewed like he wasn't tasting it.

We didn't need to be told what had happened.

He'd heard the *voice*. Or something that reminded him of it. But he hadn't been able to pin it down.

I counted the guys sitting at the counter.

Eleven.

So one of them was the fink, maybe . . .

Moe had played it like a damned fool, letting it out that he might be able to identify the fink.

But when five o'clock came, I was ready to believe that he was *twice* a damned fool. Because he announced he was going to work late tonight, to catch up on the A-3 sub-assemblies for that National Airlines contract.

It was okay to work late, but did he have to *advertise* it?

Jensen Electronics takes up half a square block. A third of that is storeroom-warehouse; the rest is Lab and shop. The building is right in the middle of the southside industrial section — a lonely area at night.

So *I* had to stay late too, naturally — having promised myself I'd keep an eye on the little jerk.

I did it unobtrusively. I even pretended to leave with the others, and drove my car off the parking lot. But then I stashed it on a side street, and I gave Millie a call telling her I wouldn't be home for supper. Then I hoofed it back to the Jensen building.

I entered by the front door. Old Miller, the night watchman, looked up from his comic book, grinned at me and resumed reading. Come seven o'clock or so, he would lock all the doors, and that was the extent of his duties. He was deaf as a log. The Jensens kept him on because he was an institution — he'd been hired sixty years ago by the elder Jensen's father. Miller had read his comics all through the aborted robbery last night. He'd learned about it when a cop came in to use his phone.

So there I was — the self-appointed guardian of Moe the jerk.

I peeked through the main door of the shop.

Moe was at his bench, working on the A-3's by the light of a single fluorescent.

I hid in the Men's Room, just off the entrance to the shop. There was a ventilating grille, high off the floor. I stood on a wash bowl, leaned my shoulder against the wall and put my ear to the grille so I could hear anything that happened in the shop.

What a damn fool I must look like! I thought wryly. *And yet if the fink tries anything, he might try it fast! Like tonight . . .*

I waited and waited and waited and waited. Once I knelt and splashed my face with a dribble of water from the wash basin. Twice I got down off it to flex my cramped legs. Three times I thought *the hell with it!* and nearly went home. My stomach was growling with hunger. But I stayed.

Around ten o'clock, I heard a gasp, through the vent. And then Moe's startled voice. *"What the hell? . . ."*

"You talk too much," said another man's voice — one I could almost place. "And as they used to say in the B movies, you *know* too much."

"Holy cow!" came Moe's horrified voice. *"You!* Yes, by God! It was *you!"*

"You'd have realized that in time, Moe," said the man's voice. "You know, you cost me a helluva bundle by eavesdropping on that phone. I *needed* that money, you little runt. Now it's time to square accounts!"

I was at the door of the men's room. Cautiously, I opened it a crack — then wider. Silently, I moved into the corridor, easing the door shut after me.

(continued on page 56)

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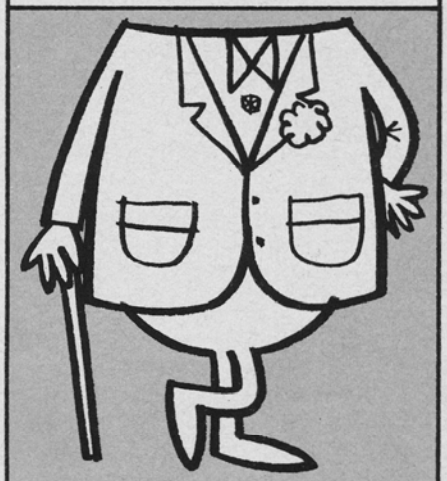

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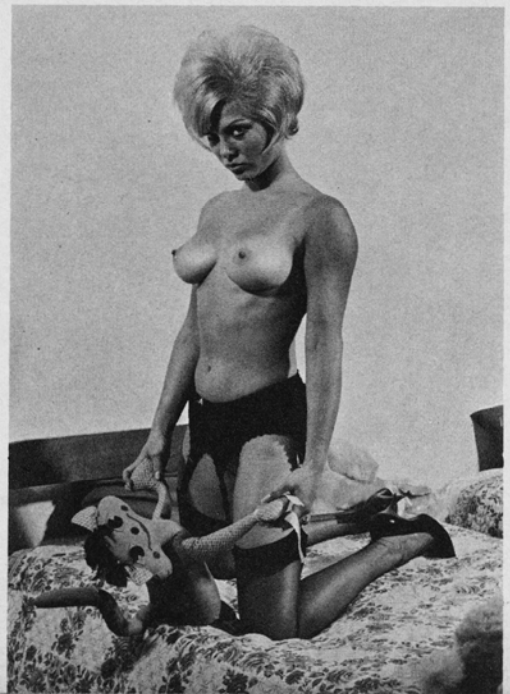
Glance at a Doll Dance

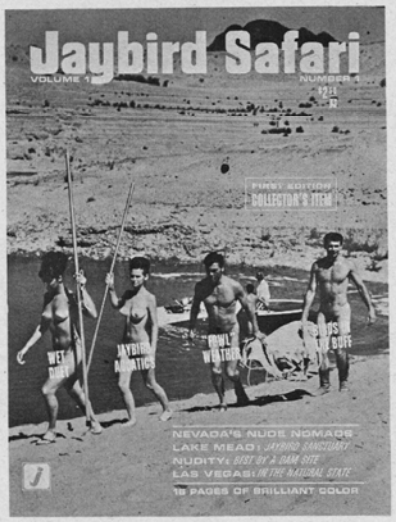
Nature was most generous with the good looks and curves when she designed Sherri Nelson, as one glance at this eye-soothing blonde reveals so pleasingly. She's all grown up, in every sense of the word, and it's a fact that most other dolls, after taking a look at Sherri, usually refrain from eyeing themselves in the mirror for the rest of the day. And with good reason—not many of them are likely to come off better than second best in a face-to-face comparison with this pretty pixie. Sweet Sherri has made the swing to adulthood, but she still retains a couple of ties with childhood things.

For one thing, she carries around with her a few thousand freckles that, fortunately, detract not a whit from her beauty . . . in fact they add a kind of impish charm to that All-American Doll face. She used to think that the freckles would begin to disappear along about the time she reached voting age, but the expected fadeout just hasn't come to pass. Sherri even tried to cover them up under a heavy layer of cosmetics, but this turned out to be a messy solution. Eventually she learned to accept the fact that, for her, they were as inevitable as the tax collector. She has also come to realize that the freckle factory on the bridge of her nose has the effect of making her look younger, freckles being usually associated with youth. And how can she quarrel with THAT?



Another of Sherri's uninterrupted ties with childhood is the fact that she still maintains—and, in fact, constantly adds to—her doll collection. While she admits that this is a throwback to her very early years, she has no intention of abandoning this activity in the foreseeable future. This "doll with the dolls" has a total of more than three-hundred dolls in her collection, a number that was cut nearly in half not long ago when some of the dolls got lost in the process of being shipped from her old apartment to her new one. But don't get the idea that Sherri gives too much of herself to the world of make-believe. On a date, she's one of the hippest chicks around!

Nude Nomads



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TO CATCH A FINK

(continued from page 49)

I could see out into the shop.

Moe still sat at his bench, his soldering gun half-raised in a frozen hand. His face was white and tense.

Dan Beecham faced him, a revolver in his big hand. His back was to me, silhouetted against the lamp, but I'd've recognized his burly form anywhere.

"What happens now?" Moe said softly, putting down the soldering gun.

"There's a lake-filled quarry north of town where they'll never find you. A neat one in the head, Moe. I promise you won't feel any pain."

"You'd really *murder* me!" Moe said wonderingly. "Added to all the rest."

"I'm not young," Dan said. "That jail sentence might be the rest of my life!"

Moe sighed. "Why'd you do it, Dan?"

"I play a lot of poker," Dan said. "Usually I play good. One night I played out of luck — in a high game with the kind of characters who get their money fast or else it's blood. The robbery would have paid them off, but you had to go louse it up! When I explained to them, they gave me another week to scrape up the twelve grand. For the first time, Dan's voice shook in anger. "That's the bind you threw me in, you little dunghead! A *week* to cough up *twelve grand!*"

"Let's talk about a deal," Moe said. "I'd hate to see a nice guy like you under the threat of a murder rap. I'd also hate to die. So let's discuss a deal . . ."

"What the hell are you talking about?" rumbled Dan.

"I keep my mouth shut," Moe said. "And you tell your gambling buddies all about me so they can knock me off if I squeal on you before they get their money. That should cover it. I mean, why risk killing me, once you're clear of all other threats? Would that make sense? If I keep my mouth shut for a week, can't I keep it shut forever?"

"H'm," Dan said, lowering the gun a little. "It's a thought. The damnedest things come in small packages. You've surprised me, Moe."

By this time, I was at the door of the shop.

I was surprised at Moe, too. Not because he was trying to bargain to save his life — ye gods, who wouldn't? But his calm behavior and fast thinking were plenty unexpected.

I took a silent step out into the darkened shop.

Another.

My muscles tensed as I prepared to rush Dan Beecham's broad back —

And then I nearly jumped out of my skin.

"Dan!" a girl's voice yelled, practically in my ear. *"Behind you!"*

I peered around for a split-second, paralyzed with astonishment. There she was, in the shadows near the door — Helen Murphy. The pretty blonde who worked in Receiving.

Sure! I thought bitterly in that split-second. *She's in on it! She'd know exactly where all the goodies are in the warehouse . . . all the freight markings, and how much of what! And she's always been buddy with Dan . . .*

Dan had whirled to face me, gun leveled. "Well!" he said huskily. "Well, *well!* It's old Smiley. And we thought the coast was clear! It's a shame you worked late tonight, Smiley!"

At that moment, Moe hit him from behind.

Dan had been ignoring the little guy as a minus-factor. No guts, no muscles — we thought.

Moe hit like a hurricane.

He chopped a speared right hand to Dan's left kidney. Dan grunted and went up on his heels. Moe sliced a hand down and around, and Dan's right wrist broke audibly. The gun whirled off into darkness.

Dan opened his mouth to howl in pain, and Moe spun him around. Dan's mouth shut hard as Moe chopped him in the throat. Moe lifted a knee, and Dan went to his knees. Moe clubbed his temple — the blow *cracked* like wood on wood. Dan spun half around. His eyes were crossed. He sucked in a tortured breath and toppled sideways to the floor. He didn't even twitch as Moe poised over him, deadly hands ready.

What was I doing, meanwhile?

The girl, Helen Murphy, was trying to fight her way past me to the door.

I grabbed her by the shoulders,

and as she wrenched away, her blouse and brassiere ripped and came off in my hands. Her head plunged down and she bit me on the wrist. I slapped her.

All in all, I went easy on her, till she got me with the knee. Then I lost my temper. I slugged once and she dropped.

Moe looked at me. "Thanks, hero," he said dryly.

"No sweat," I said, still breathing heavily. "I like to save a life every Thursday!"

"Thanks, again," he said. "I probably could have kept Dan talking, though, until the cops arrived."

"*Huh?*" I said.

There was a sound of distant running footsteps, from the front entrance.

"Here they come," he grinned. "And obviously they know it's all over, or they wouldn't be making so damn much noise!"

Dan Beecham and Helen Murphy were taken away — Dan in a police ambulance — and Moe and I waited around for the arrival of the Jensens, who had been called and were on their way.

Two detectives waited with us, but they didn't have much to say. They were busy listening and shaping up notes for their report.

Moe and I talked.

It was all hard as hell to believe.

First—Moe *hadn't* overheard any conversation on the phone; he *hadn't* tipped the cops regarding the robbery. Two squad cars had simply rendezvoused near the Jensen plant that night, and picked up on the action by sheerest lucky accident.

Second — the two arrested men *had* stated that they'd talked to their mysterious boss, the insider, only a few nights before. And the insider had said he was calling from the factory.

Third — that very morning, Moe *had* heard a conversation between the Jensens and a Detective Lieutenant, during which it was mentioned that the insider had phoned his henchmen from the factory a few nights before. Moe heard this conversation while at the drinking fountain, near old Jensen's office-door.

Fourth — Moe had his bright idea on the spot, and he walked right into the boss's office and proposed it.

Fifth — everybody liked the idea, including the Detective Lieutenant.

Sixth — during our lunch hour, the entire Jensen plant had been bugged by fast-working police technicians. When we returned from chow, and from then on, every word spoken inside the building was being monitored by cops in squad cars, deployed in a wide circle around the plant.

No, I wasn't the only one who'd suspected that tonight might be the night.

The cops had even heard me, but they didn't know what I was up to — I could even have been Miller, the watchman. So they waited.

"So, you little drip!" I said admiringly to Moe. "You worked a little overtime, tonight on those A-3's. D'you think Jensen'll pay what you deserve?"

He shrugged. "Am I after glory? It just seemed like a good con to catch the fink."

"You got guts," said one of the detectives to Moe. "And you sure can handle yourself!"

Moe shrugged again and looked at me. "Smiley here did all right. A dame like that's almost as bad as a man. I detected an expert's touch, Smiley. What was the uniform?"

"One stripe in the Infantry," I said. And I remembered, with a wince deep down, how he'd creamed Dan Beecham. "And what were *you?*"

"Marine Lieutenant," he said, searching in his pockets for a cigarette. "Just desk-type."

I looked at him, blinking. The loud-mouthed little shrimp, the phony, had faded forever from view. I saw a young guy with thin-steel muscles and guts from top to bottom. No beauty-queen, but nothing less than he said he was.

He saw my stare and grinned. "I don't brag about *everything,*" he said.

Next day, Jensen gave Moe another ten-dollar raise.

Nobody squawked.

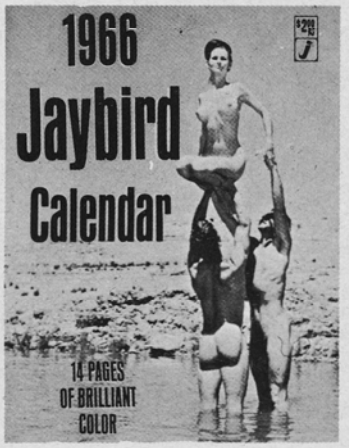
Now Moe is dating Susie Baker, the switchboard girl. Prettiest doll in the place.

Some of the guys are squawking about that.

But only in friendly envy.

●●●

1966 Jaybird Calendar



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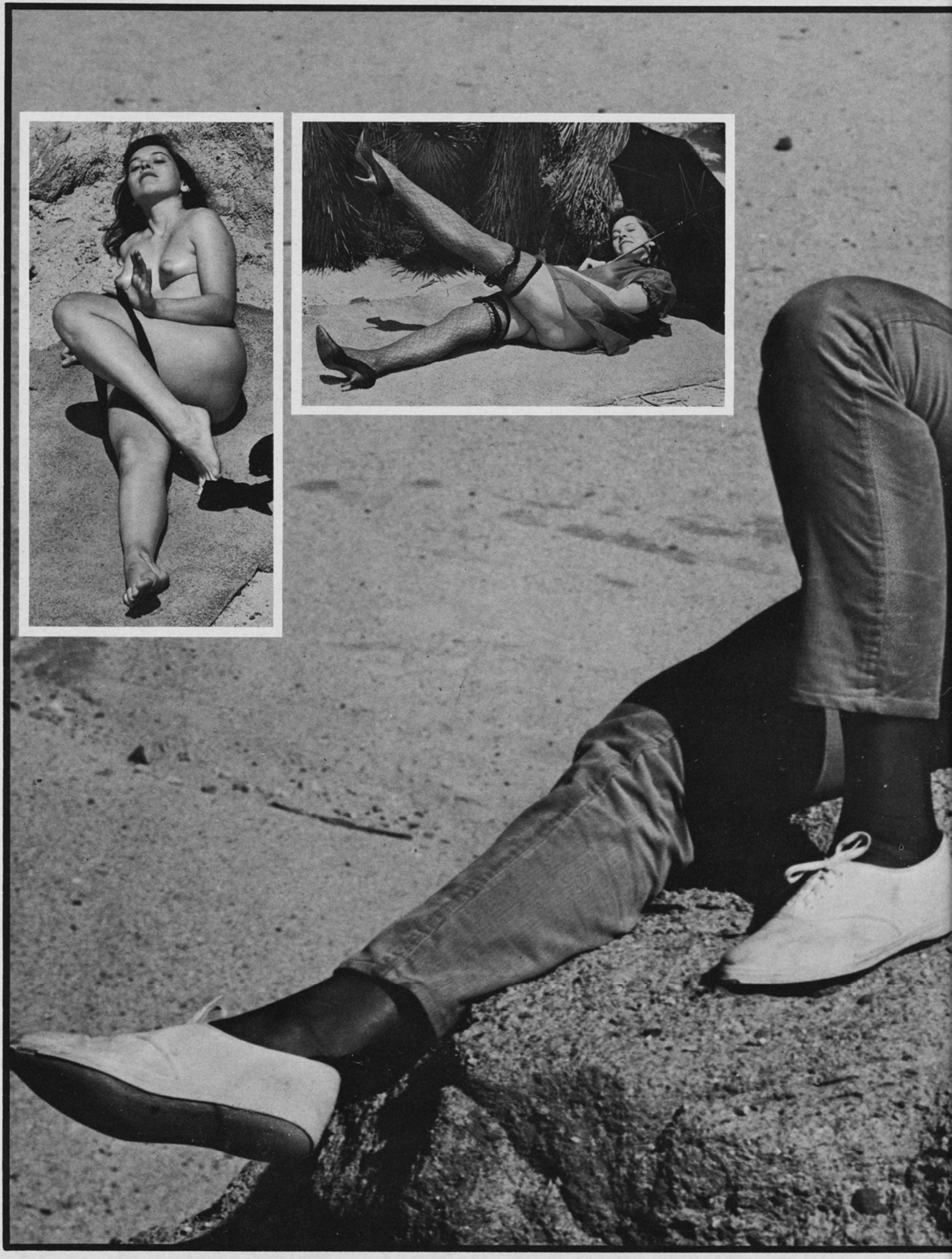
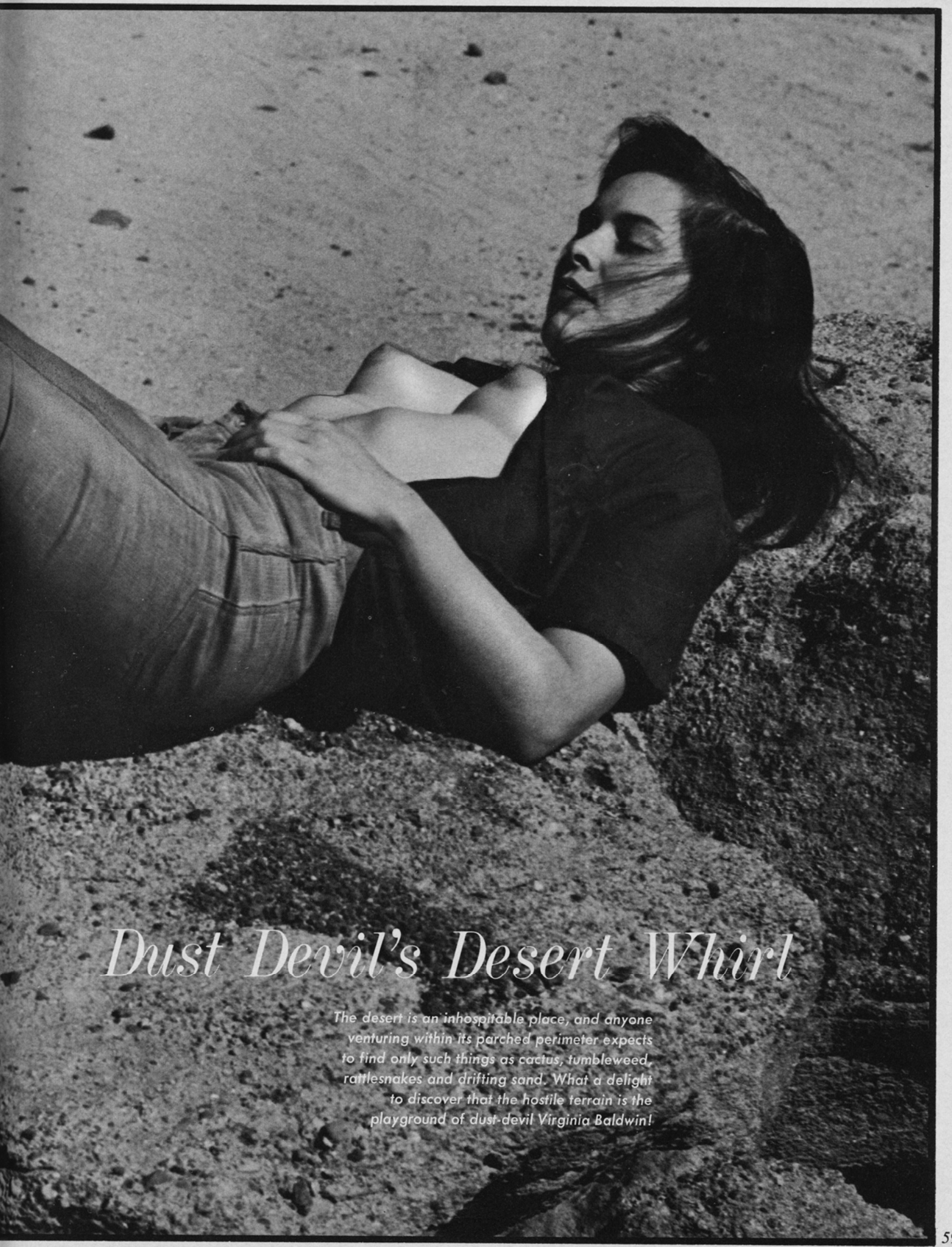
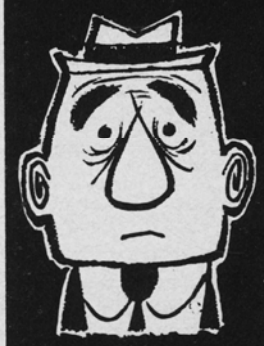




Dust Devil's Desert Whirl

The desert is an inhospitable place, and anyone venturing within its parched perimeter expects to find only such things as cactus, tumbleweed, rattlesnakes and drifting sand. What a delight to discover that the hostile terrain is the playground of dust-devil Virginia Baldwin!



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PAY-OFF AT PASSION ACRE

(continued from page 26)

mailer dryly, "I was watching *you*. I'd taken the dirt road around behind the Point and climbed up the dry creekbed. I was thirty feet above you, in the brush."

"You sound like a pro," Helen said. "Are you a detective, hired by my husband — out for a bonus?" She didn't think that old Mason had any suspicions regarding her fling with Hank, but a girl could never be sure.

"Nope," said the voice on the phone. "I'm just an enterprising shakedown artist who got wind of your sins. So I've been shadowing you for a week in hopes of seeing what was up." Again he chuckled. "I sure *saw,* all right. Me and my Leica."

"*How* did you get wind?" she asked, suddenly apprehensive.

"Relax," he said. "Through channels you don't have to worry about." His voice was amused. "In the underworld we have ways of keeping tabs on all *sorts* of things that polite society never hears about. Our eyes and ears are everywhere — a parking-lot attendant here, a motel operator there, a *maitre d'* someplace else."

"Very well," she sighed. "How much is your enterprising nature going to cost me?"

"Ten thousand," he said. "Small bills, please."

"How do I get it to you?"

"There's a diner on east Second Street," he said. "Ramon's. Meet me there at eight o'clock."

"I'll be there," she said.

"There's a mailbox on the corner, in front of the diner," he said. "I'll have the photographs in an envelope, addressed to your husband at his office. If you're not there —"

"Eight o'clock punctually," she said, and hung up.

Her footsteps echoed in the corridor of the mansion as she walked toward her husband's study. She was alone in the house except for the maid and the cook. Old Langton Mason was down in his suite at the Mason Building, making more money. Helen knew that her husband always kept $200,000 or so in the wall safe for things that required sudden cash.

Helen entered the study and slid aside the painting that covered the safe. Ten thousand would never be missed. . .

Now she sat in Ramon's Diner, sipping her second cup of coffee. Surprisingly, the coffee wasn't bad. She glanced at her diamond-studded watch. The time was exactly eight.

The door opened and a man came in.

He walked to the counter and slid onto the stool next to Helen. "Hi, Mary!" he said in a pleased voice. "Right on time, I see!"

She'd been right — he was young. Slender and brown-eyed, with black, curly hair. But his mouth belied any impression of innocence. It was thin and hard, even when he smiled. He wore a gray suit and a turtleneck sweater instead of a shirt.

"Did you bring those sewing-machine attachments for my wife?" he asked Helen.

She nodded at her purse. "Everything you asked for," she said.

"Fine," he said, standing up. "I've got to run along right away. Come on, and I'll drop you by your place."

Helen rose also, putting a quarter on the counter to pay for her coffee.

Outside, he started to guide her across the darkened street toward a new Oldsmobile. "We can do the bit in my car," he said.

She shook her head and held back. "*My* car," she said.

He dropped his hand from her arm. "Why?" he said warily.

"We've got some things to talk about," she said.

"*What* things?"

She slid into the driver's seat of her Porsche, then opened the right-hand door and waited for him to get in. After a second's hesitation, he did so. She started the car and tooled it away from the curb. She headed west on Second Street and took the first right at Jefferson.

"You got the money?" the young man asked. He was sitting far right, and his eyes flicked constantly from her face to her hands, face to hands — in case she tried anything funny.

She nodded.

"Well, I got the photos right here," he said, touching his breast pocket. "So why the cruise? What've we got to talk about?"

"The deal is still on," she said. "Just a couple of things to clear up.

Let's get some place private, where we can talk."

He shrugged. "What the hell? Okay, honey." He leaned forward and searched the Porsche's dash shelf with cautious hands.

"No guns," she said. "No blunt instruments. I'm not pulling anything cute." She took a left on Desmond, and they started past the Country Club golf course, up the hill road and out of town. The Porsche's motor purred; its headlights cut the night like knives.

The young man had settled back.

Suddenly the young man leaned forward again as Helen swung left onto a dirt road. He peered out the window in astonishment. "Hey!" he gasped. "Where the hell are you taking us?"

"Why . . . why . . ." she stammered, as if startled by his outburst. "To Passion Acre. I thought that would be a good place."

"Are you *crazy?"* he exploded, staring at her in the car's semi-darkness. "Don't you read the papers? Don't you know what's been happening there?" He grabbed her right arm. *"Stop the car!"*

She slowed but didn't stop. She glanced at him, half-smiling, yet blinking as if bewildered. "You mean the Creeper?" she said.

"What else?" he said harshly. "Ye gods, are you some kind of *nut?* If you wanta get raped, that's your business — but I'm not in the mood to get killed tonight!" His hand tightened on her arm. *"Stop, damn it! We're almost there!"*

She laughed. "Relax," she said. "Don't *you* read the papers? Lover's Lane is safe again. The Creeper isn't going to kill any more boyfriends or attack any more girlfriends. The cops caught him last night. He was a psycho teen-ager, an honor student. The cops got a full confession."

"Huh!" said the young man. "Well, I'll be darned — they got him. I didn't catch any news today." He grinned slightly. "Other things on my mind."

"That's why I headed out here for our talk," she said. "Creeper or no Creeper, it'll be a little while before Passion Acre gets hopping again. So we'll have utter privacy."

"Okay," said the young man. He finally relaxed, leaning back in his seat. "You can't blame me for getting shook, honey. Boy, he *must've* been a psycho! Killing three guys and raping their girls, in a single week! The Red Light Bandit, all over again — the terror of Lover's Lane!" He smiled at Helen, in the half-light. "What he did to the girls isn't so hard to understand, but the way he always killed the *guys.* Shooting them even after he'd knocked them unconscious! A real nut!"

She didn't answer. She turned the Porsche off the dirt road, and headed upslope through moonlit trees, toward the cliff's edge overlooking town: Passion Acre.

"I wouldn't mind doing the Lover's Lane bit with *you,"* said the young man suggestively. "As long as we're here."

"Let's have none of *that,"* she said firmly. "Ten-thousands dollars, yes. Sex, no."

The young man opened his door as she halted the Porsche under a tree. He put a foot on the ground and looked around.

The moon was a yellow half-circle overhead. A slight, warm breeze rustled leaves in the shadowy trees. In the distance was the sound of Miller's Creek, working its way down from the hills to the falls north of the dam.

There were no other cars present. They were alone in the very lonely place.

The young man shivered slightly. "They caught the guy, huh?" he said. "You're *sure?"*

She turned off the lights and stretched her legs forward under the wheel. Her voice was wry and amused. "Would I be here if I wasn't?"

"Okay," he said. He looked at her. "Now, what's so important we have to talk so private? What's the big dilly?"

"The negatives," she said. She eased around in her seat to face him. "I'm not paying ten grand for prints."

His expression was impatient. "The negs are right here," he said, taking the envelope out of his breast-pocket. "In glowing detail. For this you dragged me ten miles?"

"And the *dupes?"* she said.

(continued on page 66)

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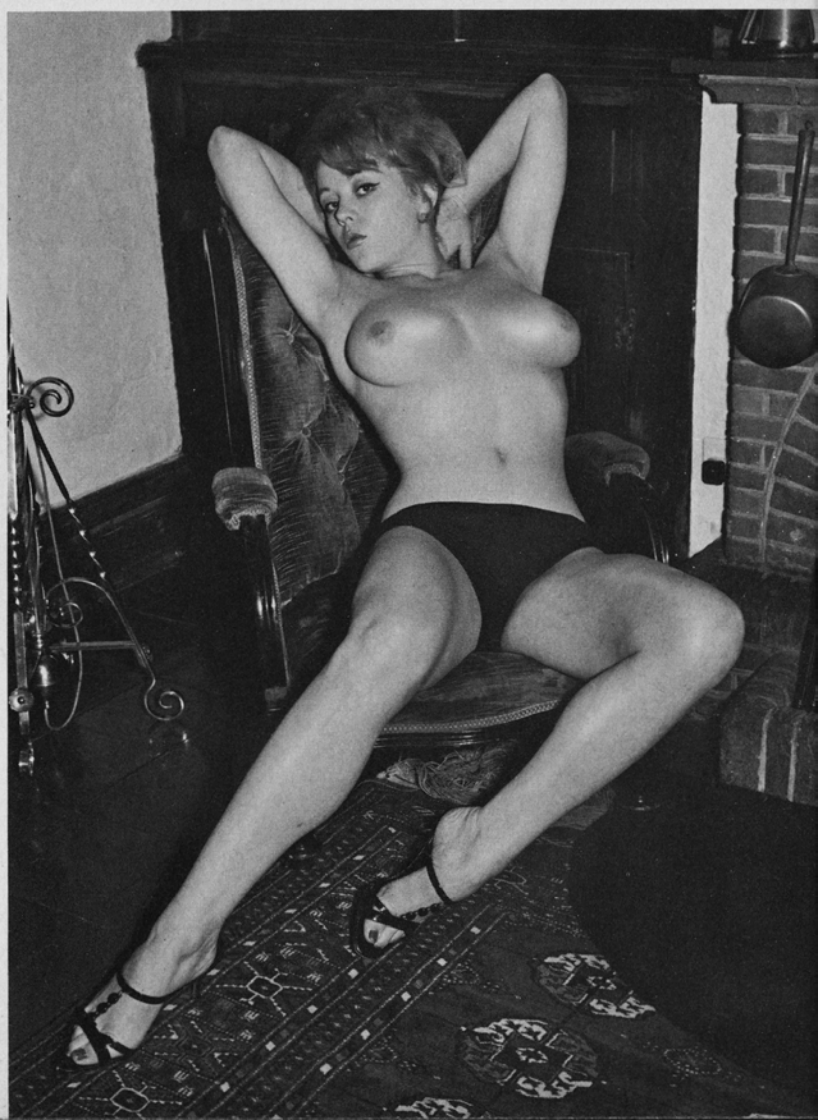
LYNN'S GOT AN INN

"Loverly" Lynn Courtney debarked on our shores, fresh from her native England, a little more than three years ago, with extensive plans for visiting friends, hitting the tourist trail for a month or so and then returning to her home island. "I had a jolly good itinerary worked out," Lynn says. "Then something happened, suddenly and unexpectedly. I fell smashingly in love with America."

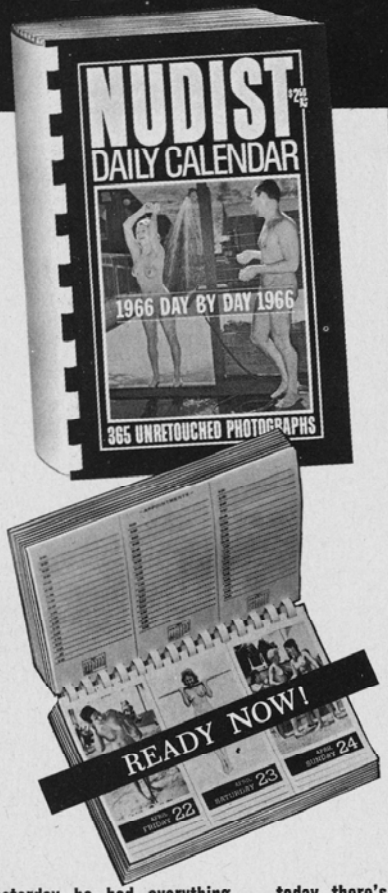
After a year in New York, Lynn moved on to Los Angeles, where she is now employed as a secretary for a firm that builds swimming pools. Life in southern California is an exciting change for Lynn, but every so often she feels a nostalgic longing for London. That's when she heads for a small, English-style inn she discovered up near Santa Barbara.



The inn—which she discovered on her first trip to Santa Barbara some months ago—is operated by an elderly couple who emigrated from England twenty-five years ago. All of which accounts for the authentic, old-country touches with which the inn abounds. After a weekend at this bit of England in America, Lynn's homesickness vanishes and she is happy to return to her swinging life in her adopted city. And L.A. is all the brighter for it!

SOMETHING NEW!

For The Man Who Used To Have Everything



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PAY-OFF AT PASSION ACRE

(continued from page 61)

"What?" he said warily. "What're you talking about?"

"The duplicate negatives," she said. "The ones you made up so you can shake me down for more in the future. You *did* take that little precaution, didn't you?"

"No!" he protested.

"If you didn't," she said tiredly, "you'd be a damned fool. And you don't impress me as a fool."

He let out a breath. He smiled at her in the dim light — an unpleasant smile: "Okay, honey — we'll lay it all on the table. Ten grand is the first installment. I *did* make duplicate negatives of the shots. They're right here." He patted his hip pocket, where his wallet probably was. "In a few months, I'll trouble you for another ten grand. And a few months after that, *another* ten grand. And that's the way it's going to go. . ."

"You're a greedy swine," she said.

"Absolutely," he said. "And, as you point out, not a damned fool."

She had seen the shadowy shape approaching the car, weaving and darting warily among the darkened trees.

"I'm afraid," she murmured, "that you *are* a damned fool. Because you let me bring you up here. . ."

The dark shape had reached the right-hand side of the car.

A revolver *clicked* as it was brought to full-cock.

The young blackmailer looked around wildly at the sound.

The gun roared. The bullet entered the center of the young man's face, causing his nose to vanish in a welter of red. He slumped, dead instantly.

Helen screamed — but not too loudly. She tried to make it sound good.

"Get outa the car," whispered a voice. *"Do like I say, or I'll kill you too!"*

Helen got out.

"Under that tree," said the gloating voice. *"Take off your clothes! You and me's gonna have a ball!"*

Helen Mason moved toward the tree, disrobing. Her blouse fell to the ground, then her bra. Ivory curves gleamed in the moonlight. She fumbled at the buttons of her skirt.

The dark shape was following a step behind. A husky voice was snickering in anticipation.

Helen's skirt was off. Everything was off. She lay down under the tree.

Her scheme had worked. . .

The Creeper *had* put in an appearance at Passion Acre tonight, as she'd hoped; despite all the police prowl cars in the area.

That wasn't surprising. The guy was an absolute nut. He'd be caught — and probably soon. The way he raped girls, inevitably; the way he slaughtered the men with them, inevitably.

So. . .

The blackmailer was dead.

And nobody would question the discovery of his body in this place when it was found. Everyone would simply assume that his girlfriend, ravished and ashamed, had fled and was keeping silent.

The perfect murder, Helen thought wryly. *In a way.*

So the blackmailer was safely dead.

(If the Creeper *hadn't* shown up, Helen would simply have handed over the ten thousand and tried to get rid of the blackmailer at a later date. But this way was much better.)

In a few minutes now, Helen would get the duplicate negatives from the blackmailer's wallet, and she would burn them along with the rest. She and Hank would be twice as cautious from now on, and that would be the end of such threats to her lucrative marriage.

For if the blackmail scene had been permitted to continue, old Langton Mason would probably have become suspicious eventually. All those missing tens of thousands of dollars would have amounted to a noticeable sum. Sooner or later *something* would have gone wrong.

If all went well, old Mason would kick the bucket soon; and Helen would inherit it all.

Things had gone well tonight — as well as she could have hoped.

Only a few minutes to go now.

The Creeper made a hoarse, animal sound, bending low over her. He lowered himself eagerly, his gun at her temple — and the few minutes commenced. . . ●●●

(continued from page 19)

But when news seeped out that Sybil had launched her discotheque not out of her own settlement loot but with $70,000 obtained from her admiration-filled friends — a thousand dollars from each, so that no one would be badly hurt if the joint went down the drain — the wiseacres were forced to reverse their judgment.

"If that dame is smart enough not to use her own money in her promotions, she could go a long way," they said.

Then Sybil threw both friends and sage observers into a total tizzy last June by up and marrying Jordan Christopher, 24-year-old leader of The Wild Ones, a Rock-and-Roll combo performing at *Arthur*.

Handsome, at least moderately gifted as a performer and himself divorced last year, Christopher sports an expensive wind-blown bob in his wedding photos — in contrast to Sybil's abbreviated platinum tresses. He scored his first Manhattan success at the *Peppermint Lounge*, one-time stamping ground for Chubby Checker and the now-passe Twist.

If Sybil's recent luck holds, her second marriage will add tonnage to the rolling snowball of her post-spin-off success — even if it winds up in the divorce courts. For a snowballing spin-off is just as hard to stop as any other sort of success — which, of course, nothing succeeds more than.

A fine, full-breasted example of how such spinner-offery can work in behalf of even the most non-innocent of by-standers caught in the fringework of a major high-scandalpower detonation is that brassy blonde by-product of the Keeler-Profumo mess of early 1964, the self-hyphenated Mandy Rice-Davies.

Mandy's the popsy (that's current argot for call girl-swinger in British circles) whose sole claim to fame and notoriety came from the fact that she was an orgy-colleague of Christine Keeler, the long-haired redhead whose skilled lubricities helped topple the Conservative Macmillan government. By rights, Mandy should have returned to the murky obscurity from which she was briefly liberated by the glare of the yellow-press spotlight.

However, you never can tell about spin-offs of scandal. Instead of sinking back into the relative privacy of plush harlotry, Miss Rice-Davies has continued to make news in both hemispheres, presumably with lucrative results.

She hit the headlines last fall with rumors that she was about to launch a new and relatively respectable career as a cabaret thrush. There were stories to the effect that she would debut as a singer in Manhattan, and then she got her picture in the news magazines by actually performing in a supper club in Vienna.

More recently, there have been widely printed rumors of her being romantically involved with a highly-placed member of Central European nobility, with the usual hints and denials of impending marriage.

Unless the news media grow tired of running stories and pictures about Mandy, sooner or later she should score either with a show-biz success or a rich marriage. At any rate, she's still very much in the spin at this writing.

Females — especially female entertainers — appear to offer the most colorful examples of unexpected spin-off success through scandal.

Toni Arden, a fine pop singer of a few years back, got her break in show business when the flesh-peddler who got Toni her first plush-saloon bookings got caught in a highly publicized embezzlement mess and was sent to prison.

People felt a little sorry at a nice girl's entanglement in such a stink, and went out of their way to give her a boost. Toni had ample talent to make it pay off — in the form of a lucrative pop-singing career.

Then there was another blonde young beauty, lushly curved Anita Page, who was brought to Hollywood in the middle 1920's under the sponsorship of Harry K. Thaw, the Pittsburgh steel heir. Thaw shot to death famed architect-bon vivant Stanford White for trifling with his ex-chorus girl bride, Evelyn Nesbitt, in what remains one of the massive scandals of the century.

Thaw, who spent something like a dozen years in various prisons and asylums for the criminally insane after ventilating the architect, was hardly considered a savory figure, and any girl he sought to launch on a career under his aegis had something like four strikes against her from the start.

But the echoes of the wildly publicized old scandal aroused enough curiosity as to what kind of a girl Anita Page was. She got her break, made good for a number of years of stardom and was able to overcome any taint left by her original backer.

Co-starred with Bessie Love and Charles King in *Broadway Melody*, one of the first of the talking-film screen musical hits, it was Anita to whom King crooned the lyrics of that long-lived love song, *You Were Meant for Me*.

Had Harry Thaw not shot White so publicly, Anita probably would have wound up meant for a modest working-man type in Scranton, Oshkosh or Kalamazoo.

One of filmdom's current top stars, Kim Novak, is a kind of spin-off herself. Just a few years ago, when Rita Hayworth was glamour queen of the Columbia film lot, her off-screen romantic didoes with the likes of the Ali Khan, crooner Dick Haymes and others caused choleric studio Czar Harry Cohn to blow his stack. He informed her that he had made her out of nothing, and that he could do the same thing for any other girl of his choice.

La Hayworth refused to knuckle under to such bullying tactics, forcing Cohn to make good on his threat. He took a look at the low-salaried contract cuties on the Columbia lot, pointed a quivering riding-crop at Kim and snarled, "Here — *you'll* have to do!"

The result, of course, is cinematic history. Today Miss Novak is a top star, while Miss Hayworth's career has lost some of its candle power.

So apparently, like Sybil, Mandy and the others, you don't even have to play a major role in a romantic scandal these days to become rich and famous. Granted a certain amount of luck, pluck and talent, all you have to be is a bystander — innocent or otherwise — as a scandal goes rolling by.

And to think people used to keep their skeletons in the closet! ●●●

LEOPARD LADY'S AIRY LAIR

Sometimes, when spring hangs so sweetly in the air that one can almost reach out and cut it into pie-shaped wedges, Eve Sylvester breaks into the open with the grace of a leopard.

Eve's airy lair offers her the privacy to sun as she chooses, under the protection of her leopard-skin swimsuit or in the altogether. The exhileration that she derives from hours under a solar barrage is just too exquisite for description. Eve, fortunately, is tanned enough to withstand a lengthy session in the sun without suffering painful after-effects. If, perchance, Old Sol is any judge of beauty, he's probably grateful that curvy Eve's taken this big shine to him!

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PETTICOAT TURNCOATS

(continued from page 33)

successes of a still-fabulous Hollywood blonde, stomped out in disgust early in the proceedings and snapped, "Why, she looks like a five-buck trollop!"

Nor is this bewildering confusion of females confined to appearance alone. If *My Fair Lady* (and its non-musical ancestor, George Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion*) is to be believed, a lady can be distinguished from lesser breeds of the fair sex by the way she intones, "The rain in Spain falls mainly on the plain", "How now, brown cow?" and such other elocutionary tasties as, "Get out of my bedroom before I put a bullet through your you-know-whats!"

In theatricals, however, the enunciative confusion is appalling. Take Tammy Grimes and Debbie Reynolds, for example. Miss Grimes is not only the ex-wife of brilliant Canadian Shakespearian actor Christopher Plummer, but she was born to the Boston purple, attended Miss Brimmer's classes and made both her debut and the Junior League.

Yet Tammy was cast for the title role in the Broadway production of Meredith Willson's *The Unsinkable Molly Brown* because her natural speaking and singing voice sounds like a rusty nail being drawn from a stubborn knothole by a claw hammer with a loose head.

Miss Reynolds, whose background doesn't include being born with a silver spoon in her mouth, is the ex-wife of Eddie Fisher, current wife of shoemaker Harry Karl and a graduate of Burbank High.

Yet, cast for the lead in the film production of *Molly Brown, she* was the one who had to take lessons in order to convert her beautifully modulated accents into a passable imitation of Miss Grimes' wholly natural resemblance to a rusty nail drawn through a etc.

One cannot help but wonder what the late Sir Max might have observed regarding this anomaly.

By way of adding a final twist to this torque of bewilderment, there is the bedroom dilemma.

Even though externals might deceive a shrewd male in bygone years, once he made out with an object of his affections, he could tell almost instantly whether his "lady" was the genuine article or bogus.

If she reacted to his amorous heavings with all the warmth, zest and gusto of an oyster in the process of self-fertilization, deep in the briny, within the confines of its own shell—make no mistake about it, she was an authentic, one-hundred percent lady!

If she responded with warmth, pleasure and ultimate delight — make no mistake about that, either. The "lady" was a tramp!

Today, all that is changed. As a matter of fact, the lady is far more likely to give herself up to the ecstasies of Eros without reserve or care, beyond the supreme moment ahead, than the tramp. The latter is likely to be weighed down by other considerations (like, "How much is this john going to be good for?").

It is next to impossible without costly and often humiliating experiment to discriminate between the professional Virgin, the Party Pooper and the real Swinger. Frequently the latter, quite sure of her ultimate satisfaction, does not trouble to look the part of a sexpot at all.

Perhaps, like the little lady doing field work for her Doctorate in the ski bum boarding house, she may be engaged in almost any sort of unexpected professional activity, from social welfare work or being a legal secretary, to making her way as an expert in African tribal dancing or removing the labels from soup cans to keep Pop Artists in supply.

So who's a tramp?

The once all-pervasive double standard seems to be shrinking steadily. In fact, the long-discussed and much-heralded single standard of male and female sexual behavior seems to have been passed almost before most of us were aware that it was upon us.

Today, there seems to be as many female standards for sexual behavior as there are females. What with the feminine half of our population outnumbering the males increasingly with each passing census, that's a lot of standards in any man's little black book.

Small wonder the male becomes increasingly bewildered. There seems to be no way of telling in advance what sort of woman any girl is . . .

. . . which would seem to make male advances more important than ever in the everlasting pursuit of happiness! ●●●

FAMOUS LASS WORDS

(continued from page 43)

Eleanor Louise, who, when I was making love to her, grabbed the ringing telephone, ducked under the covers, and said: "I thought I told you never to call me here, you silly boy!"

Lucretia Fay, who, when I took her on a picnic, said: "No, thank you! I'll scratch my own ant bites!"

Juanita Joyce, who, when I was getting her breakfast one morning in my apartment, said: "I won't be able to see you for a couple of weeks. I'm going on my honeymoon!"

Lois Laurette, who, when I called to pick her up one night, said: "Lover, daddy wants to talk to you as soon as he finds his shotgun shells!"

Sigrid Renee, who, when I was making love to her, said: "I don't know what I'd do without you . . . and Jim . . . and Frank . . . and Tom . . . and Ray . . . and Lloyd . . . "

Hortense Ina, who, when I asked why she always paraded nude in front of her windows with the shades up, said: "Well, a girl in business has to advertise, doesn't she?"

Lillian Lily, who, when I caught her making love to another man, said: "Mark my words, you're going to ruin our love affair with this insane jealous streak of yours!"

Madeline Mary, when I was making love to her, said: "What do you mean, we have to be sure and keep this from your wife? I *AM* your wife!" ●●●

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two-two tootsies on target

After a few minutes of watching these two dolls attempting to hit the target with their toy bow-and-arrows, even the most optimistic observer would be forced to conclude that there's little likelihood the two will ever develop into Deadeye Doras. Elaine—she's the blonde—is so inaccurate that she's more of a menace to all of the bric-a-brac around the apartment than she is to the target. Brunette Barbara's almost as bad. But despite their deficiencies, they're having fun—and that, after all, is the name of the game.

Barbara and Elaine decided to end their target practice when one of their arrows missed its mark and went sailing into the kitchen, where it lodged itself in a kettle of goulash that was cooking on the stove!

All of which proved to be a not-so-fine kettle of goulash for two zany gals who'd been counting on a real Old-World dish for their dinner. But instead of consuming the goulash, they fed it to their garbage disposal. They settled for ham and scrambled eggs instead, and with good reason—the arrow had been in the kettle for about ten minutes before they found it, and the rubber tip had partly cooked away into the goulash. The resulting mess was no-go for our go-go gals!

The spirit is thrilling and the flesh is sleek under TROJAN'S covers!